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Vol. CLXXX No. 2353 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 24 1945

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Volume CLXXX No. 2353 The SPHERE, London, February 24, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

HOW THE GERMAN TOWN OF CLEVE WAS OCCUPIED BY BRITISH TROOPS: AFTER THE TANKS HAD GONE IN, SCOTTISH INFANTRY MOVED THROUGH THE STREETS CLEARING OUT ENEMY SNIPERS AND ROUNDING UP PRISONERS. The pockets of German resistance were quickly eliminated after short skirmishes

Advancing from Donsbruggen with tank support, the Germans in the town of Cleve were rounded up by Scottish infantry. Before dawn on the 12th, flame-throwers and assault tanks led the armoured columns in a sweep through the town. "When they had gone through," reported one correspondent, "the battle for Cleve was over." The assault tanks levelled buildings from one end of the town to the other. The fighting had been very confused: in the dark and rain of a moonless night, fierce fighting had gone on around the piles of debris and in and out of the craters. Then came the flame-throwers, and organised resistance was soon at an end. As dawn broke, the infantry moved in, collecting German prisoners. Only fifty civilians—all that were left of the original population of 20,000—were found: they had been hiding in cellars since the Allied bombing which had levelled Cleve and buried hundreds of Germans in the ruins of their homes. This picture was taken on the outskirts of the town, where some of the houses still remain intact

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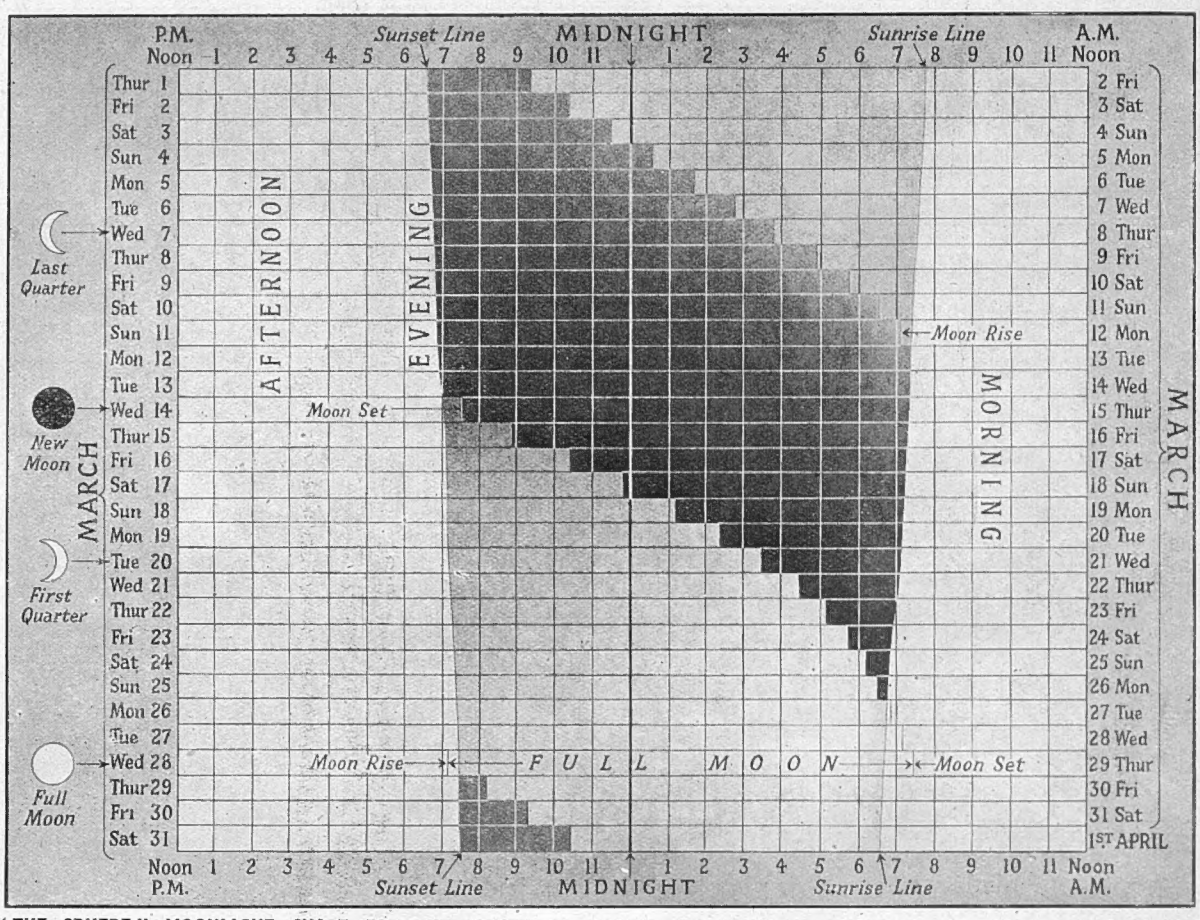
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 286

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

All Set.—It looks pretty certain that March, and not April, will contain in its days the last great decisive battle which should, for all purposes, settle the fate of the Nazis. Koniev and Zhukov now present one long continuous front facing Berlin and distant on the average less than 50 miles, and of that front one-half is many miles beyond the Oder, the last ditch before Berlin. That ditch has been turned and can be rolled up. Berlin may or may not be defended street by street, but there seems nothing to prevent the southern half of this combined Russian front from by-passing Berlin. And south again and north again there are broad spears thrusting at Dresden, at Vienna, at Stettin. Berlin can be isolated by concentric circles of the Red Armies, north and south. And west? Here the Western Allies are poised for a big assault, possibly to Cologne and the Rühr, through Westphalia threatening communications with Northern Holland and Denmark. And all day long and all night the Allied bombers are making hay with the Nazis' surviving communications and means of waging war. "Anything may happen any day now. . . . The only questions are: *What?* and *when?*" Evidence crowds in that more and more of the Germans, S.S., army men, civilians, have had their medicine, had enough, seen the light. Meanwhile, they burn their fingers, from sheer force of habit, raking the Nazis' charred chestnuts out of the fire which is devastating that damned and devastated country. Can human obstinacy go farther? Can the inexorable much longer be held off? It is odd that in Germany to-day it is not the will that resists, but the lack of will. What a lesson to the citizen all the world over! There is one only of all his few possessions with which he cannot afford to part. His will or power to think for himself. Some readers have taken me, very politely, to task for saying that at one time Hitler had the fate of humanity in the hollow of his hand. No doubt that power of making peace or war in '38 and '39 was only a temporary power. He does not possess any of it now. He would not have possessed it long. Broadly, no doubt, he was the tool of the Junkers. But in his heyday he forged the system which now to-day knocks its numbskull against the inexorable advance of doom, and if in 1938 or '39 he had elected for peace at least he would have given to civilisation a last chance for reflection . . and repentance; and to Germany a chance of survival as a Great Power



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Big Three—Business Done.

—The first headings of business done in the Crimea by the Big Three afforded a sense of solidarity and solid confidence; it gave proof of present understanding and a promise of future co-operation. The report contained no surprises whatever. A shrewd journalist, who desired to achieve a faked scoop in advance, could hardly have missed any of the headings. The very brevity of the headings revealed redundancy. It was not really necessary to say that the military decisions agreed on to finish the war in Europe would not be released until put one by one into practice! We could have taken that as read; so long have we all been apprenticed to the trade of major strategy. The Polish frontier and Government questions are no doubt the controversial clause, but even they contain no surprises. Whether or not this heading will be used as a party whip in America for the chastisement of the President, the next weeks will show. No great effort was made to lure the German people to one last effort to overthrow their tyrants. The agreed plans for rendering German harmless will be good copy for Goebbels and cold comfort for Germany. No doubt at all, the Big Three are resolved this time *en finir*, and have long ago lost any shadow of faith in the German herd's ability to find their souls again and save themselves from generations of humiliation. "Business done," in short, reveals no hedging, no exceptions, no escape, no qualification. The penalty is as sure and clear cut as the victory and judgment.

Trial of War Criminals.

—It may be that among its many more immediately important, if not more complex, problems, the Big Three Conference has considered (and will release its conclusions on) the subject of the trial of war criminals. All the sub-official controversy which now rages round this very complex problem suggests to me that it may be possible to plan too much before victory is won for problems which may arise afterwards. I think a vast majority of all the Allies want to see Hitler and all his chief criminals, civilian and military, hanged after trial and verdict of guilty, and all the thousands of subordinate criminals, torturers and murderers and thieves, punished in the same way, be they Germans or quislings or traitors of any sort. Many of that majority are anxious that legal formalities should be strict, and the trials, whether local or international, above suspicion of prejudice. And such people would probably feel that local trials of war criminals in the tortured country could hardly be above suspicion of prejudice. Still fewer (but still many) are concerned that no such trial and punishment inflicted on an arch-criminal should turn him into a German Martyr or Saint, an inspiration to future wars and endless hate. Rather than that, they will desire for Hitler the shameful or ridiculous punishment awarded to Lambert Simnel (or Napoleon). But there is many a loophole in the most elaborate net set to catch big and little fish. Whether we plump for international courts or local trials, we know we must first catch our hares and then cook them. Whatever we decide on paper the wastage of candidates for the dock will be enormous. Every day some are being tried and shot or hanged already; and many by methods of trial which Englishmen deplore or suspect. The vast candidature is now wasting away and will increasingly waste away by death, natural or otherwise, by disguise and escape, by suicide. If an Allied decision be reached on the type of court and trial (international or national, according to this or that system of law), we know well that many of the surviving criminals will still meet their fate by lynch law, by assassination, by local or military tribunals, by the hands of individuals of their own nation or of their victims. I feel so certain of this, so convinced that the smallest-meshed net which Allied brains can devise, will not draw in to the approved courts 40 per cent. of the proven candidates for trial, that I regard it to-day as a waste of effort to devote much time to planning and exactly defining these arrangements. The crimes awaiting punishment are unspeakable and innumerable. Torture could not purge them, let alone hanging. But because of the holes in the net, this "priority" planning is not yet among the first priorities of planning.

Latvia and Estonia.

—The Bishop of Gloucester at the Church Assembly recently, drew attention to the unhappy fate of Latvia and Estonia, long ground down by the oppression of two aggressive nations. Heartily backed by the new Primate, he urged that representations should be made to Russia not to sully the good name of the Allied cause by destroying these people and churches —"for (he said) that is what is going on." It is unlikely that this particular item found a place on the priority list of the Big Three Agenda. Dr. Headlam, I suppose, had proofs of his assertion. It is a sombre reflection on the common effort, the unanimity and the mutual understanding (so freely boasted of) among the Great Powers which are to re-establish Europe on a firm basis of justice, peace and freedom. It is by no means the only, or an isolated, pointer. An Atlantic Charter is a noble document if its ideals can be put into practice. But the Powers who hold in their hands the fate of civilisation are more than one, or two. It follows that a unilateral or a bilateral charter is not worth much, if the one or two who sincerely desire to enforce it have no jurisdiction and no power to guide post-war policy over a good half of oppressed Europe. If Dr. Headlam is rightly informed, either the document called the Atlantic Charter should never be mentioned at the Allied Council table, or it should be referred to as a "Minority Report." To speak of it as the Bible of the Allies (if Dr. Headlam is right) is blasphemy and false witness. And the Bishop is not the only one to throw a spanner of doubt into the machinery of the Great Allied Powers. You may plan half-a-dozen freedoms or you may plan to the last detail the trial of war criminals or the frontiers of small nations, but your plans are waste paper if the executive board of control is in two minds, and does not understand each other's language. And these matters will not be settled by a majority vote, where there is disagreement. Sometimes a minority is stronger than a majority and imposes its will on the majority. That happened in 1914 and 1939.

To Mole-Experts Again.—

And still the answers flow in and my store of woodcraft and country lore grows. I want very particularly to thank correspondents who have recently sent me hints from Swindon, Tonbridge, Carlisle, Jordanhill (Glasgow), Beverley, Frilford Heath, Shrewsbury, Bartley (Southampton) and Torquay. The conclusions reached by these scores of experts may be summarised broadly, but not, of course, in detail: The only sure site for traps is the main run. It is not much good setting traps between molehills and no good in or close-to molehills. Search, prod and test for the main runs by following courses from the hills and by stamping down likely ridges, to see if they rise again. The barrel-trap is probably better than the head-catch trap. The latter, if used, must be set exactly square to the line of the run; the head catch should just touch the ground-level of the run; the legs must stand free on loose earth or on a piece of slate for easy release; the blood of a dead mole smeared on the trap attracts others; do not smoke or handle traps ungloved; do not "change the smell" by using grass guards, use turf; above all, set the trap in a cavity just large enough to hold it firm and free, no larger; let no light filter in to the cavity; rub the trap in earth just before setting. With these instructions before me (and many more particulars and details), I go forward with hope.

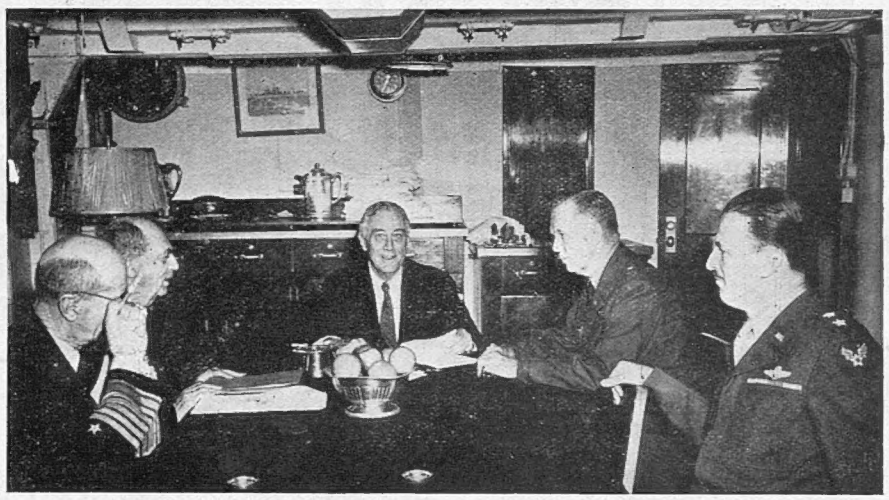
THE OLD STAGER

BEFORE THE MAIN CONFERENCE BEGAN AT YALTA THE ALLIED CHIEFS OF STAFF MET AT MALTA. This picture was taken during the discussions between the leading American and British Commanders : their names are given below

MORE PICTURES of the CRIMEA MEETING

Seated around the table, from left to right, are : U.S. Rear-Admiral Robert S. McCormick ; Vice-Admiral Charles Maynard Cooke, Deputy Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief ; Admiral of the Fleet Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief U.S. Fleet ; General of the Army George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army ; U.S. Brig.-General McFarland ; Major General Laurence S. Kuter, Commander General Staff Committee, U.S. Army Air Forces ; Lieut.-General Brehon B. Somervell, Commanding General, U.S. Service Forces ; U.S. Major-General John Edwin Hull ; U.S. Brig.-General Joe Loutzenheiser; U.S. Lieut.-General Walter Bedell Smith, Chief of Staff to the Supreme Commander-in-Chief; Major-General F. M. Anderson ; Major-General Bull ; Commander R. D. Coleridge, staff officer of the British Admiralty Delegation in Washington ; Major-General Robert E. Laycock, British Chief of Combined Operations ; Field-Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Chief of the British Joint Staff Mission in Washington ; Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Charles Portal ; Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke ; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew B. Cunningham ; Admiral Sir James F. Somerville, Chief of the British Admiralty Delegation in Washington ; General Sir Hastings Ismay, Chief of Staff to the British Minister of Defence ; and Major-General E. J. C. Jacob, Assistant Secretary to the Office of the British War Cabinet

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CONFERS WITH THE PRIME MINISTER at the Livadia Palace, Yalta. Behind stands Mr. Stephen Early, the President's Secretary



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CONFERS WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY CHIEFS aboard a U.S. warship bound for Malta, where an Allied meeting was held before the Crimea Conference : From left to right, are—Admiral of the Fleet Ernest J. King, C.-in-C. and Chief of Naval Operations ; Admiral of the Fleet William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to the President ; Mr. Roosevelt ; General of the Army George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff ; and Major-General Laurence S. Kuter, Commanding General of the Staff Committee, U.S. Army Air Forces

MR. CHURCHILL IN ATHENS ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE CONFERENCE : Major Randolph Churchill is on the left, Mr. Leeper (Ambassador to Greece) is in the centre and Miss Sarah Churchill is on the right. Mr. Churchill, accompanied by his daughter Sarah (Mrs. Vic. Oliver), Field-Marshal Alexander, Mr. Anthony Eden and Foreign Office officials, landed at an airfield near the Greek capital. The party was met by Lieut.-General Scobie, Major R. Churchill, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, Mr. Leeper, and others. The Prime Minister was driven straight to the Regency, and then he and the Regent drove to the Old Palace in Constitution Square, where the Regent, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden spoke to the assembled crowd through loudspeakers. The Greek people were enthusiastic and gave the visitors a tremendous welcome

MR. CHURCHILL AND MARSHAL STALIN during the Conference at Yalta. The Premier selects a cigar from his well-filled case under the Marshal's smiling eye

MEN OF A BRITISH REGIMENT CROSS A ROAD IN THEIR ADVANCE THROUGH THE REICHSWALD FOREST: in close support are flame-throwing Churchill tanks; the infantrymen carry automatic weapons to deal with snipers and machine-gun nests in the dense woodland. This picture was taken on Sunday, February 11, just before the whole Forest was reported to have been cleared of Germans

THROUGH the REICHSWALD and INTO CLEVE

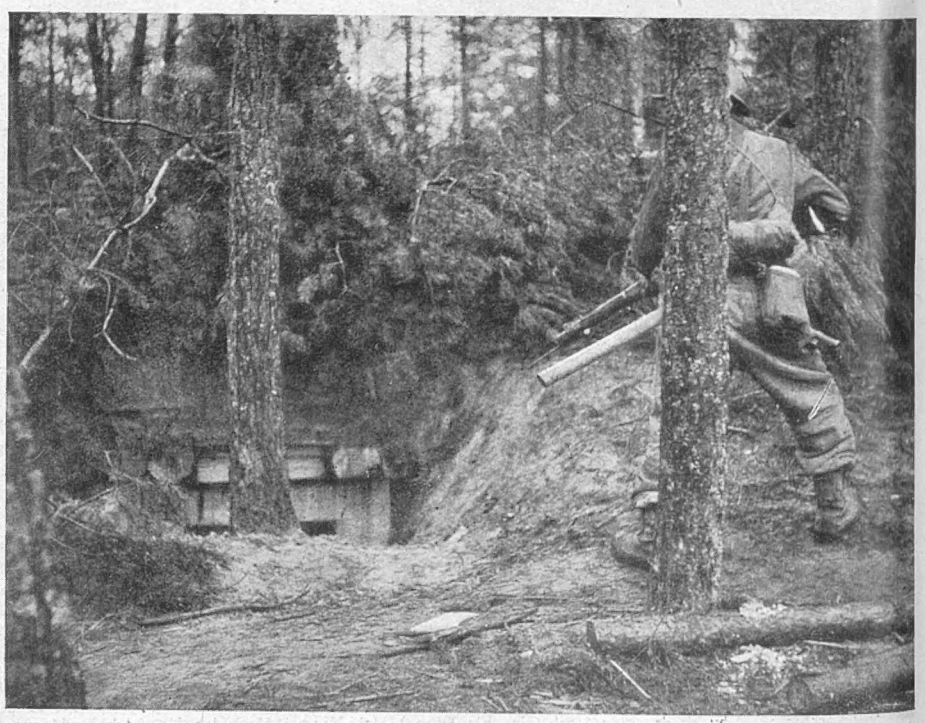
The Great Push by British and Canadian Troops into Germany

—Pictures Taken During the First Days of the Great Offensive

WHERE THE CROSSING WAS MADE INTO GERMANY. In one sector, a shell-torn house guarded by a barbed-wire fence bore the sign "Reichs-Grenze": it is here that German and Dutch territory meet

The Reichswald is "a forest of close-growing fir-trees about 9 miles long by 6 broad. It is situated on a low hogsback of ground that forms the watershed at this point between the Maas and the Rhine Rivers." A number of broad rides traverse it, and in places there are clearings where the enemy was able to concentrate his fire on the British troops. The whole of the Forest was cleared by Welsh and Scottish troops of General Crerar's First Canadian Army

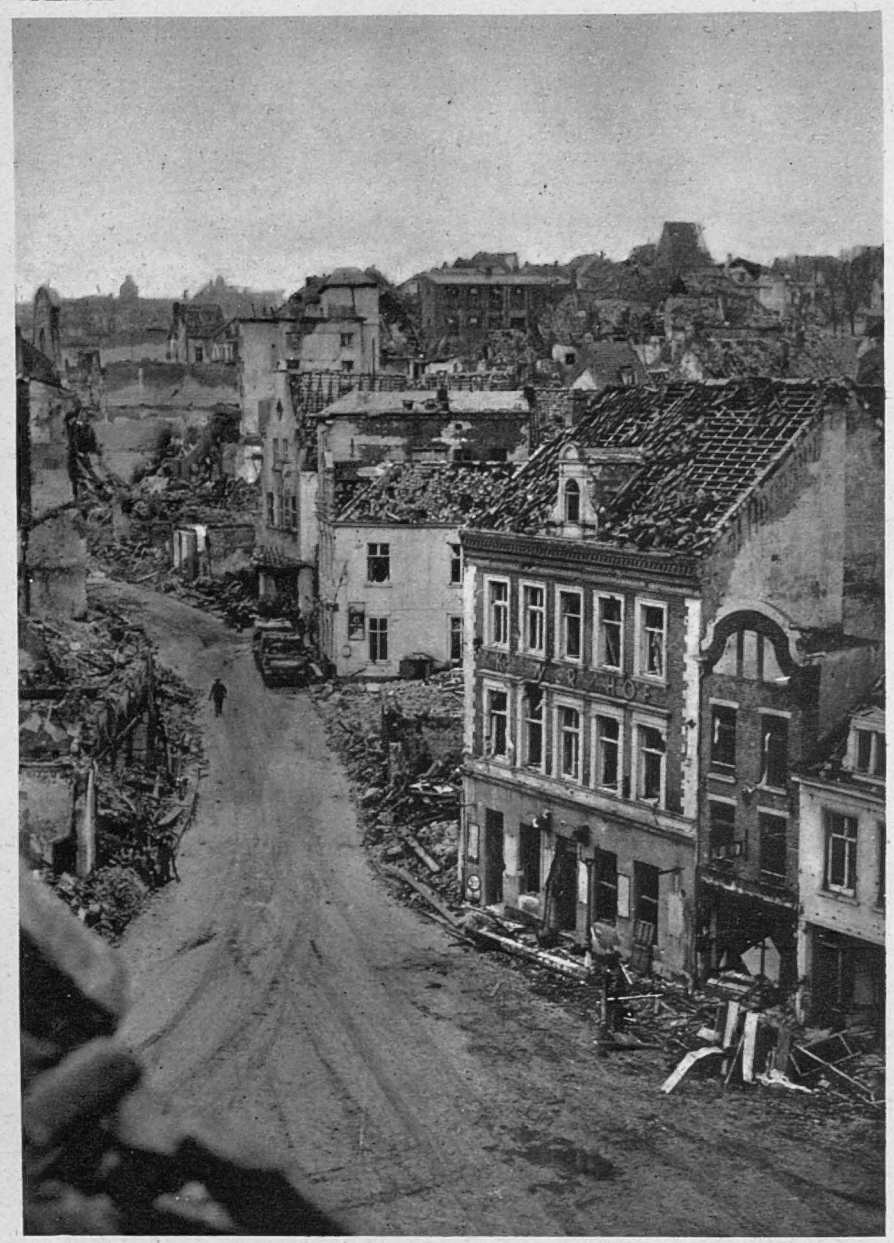
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF KRANENBERG: German prisoners being marched through the town, while tanks carrying fascines (for road-making) wait to move up into the Forest



ONE OF THE GERMAN DUG-OUTS ENCOUNTERED ON THE LINE OF MARCH THROUGH THE FOREST: It had been dug deep into the ground among the fir-trees and its top was camouflaged with freshly-cut branches

MEN OF A SCOTTISH REGIMENT file past the shell-smashed houses in the German border village of Breederweg, on the way to Cleve. Most of the small houses had been demolished by shell-fire

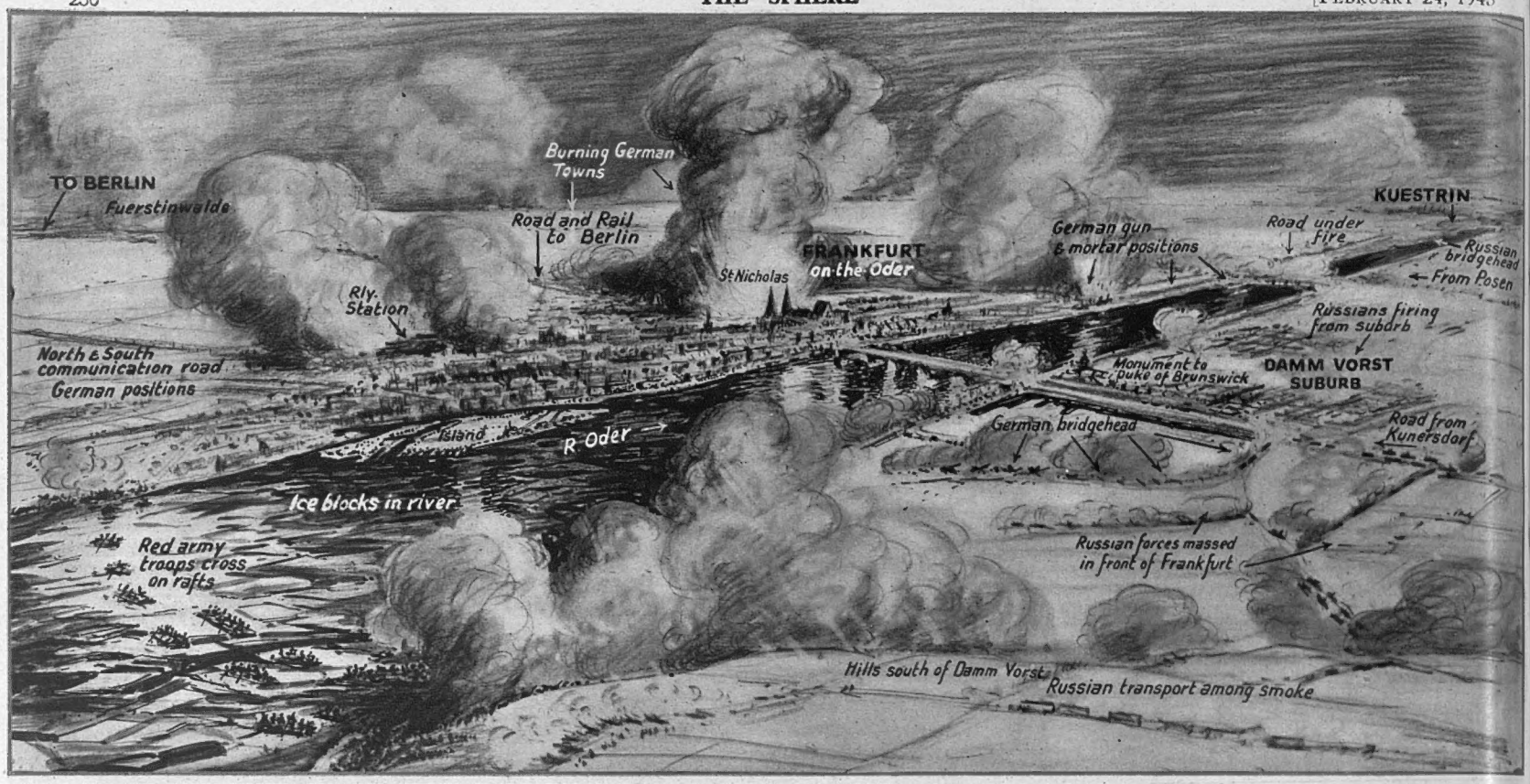
IN THE VILLAGE OF NUTTERDEN: Infantry clear out the few German snipers left to delay the advance from Kranenberg to Cleve. This village was not damaged so badly as some encountered by the British forces on their line of march



A VIEW OF THE DEVASTATED TOWN OF CLEVE, which suffered heavy Allied bombardments prior to the entry of British troops on February 12. The town, former keypoint of the "West Wall," is a vital communication centre in Field-Marshal Montgomery's new all-out offensive

AFTER THE TOWN OF CLEVE HAD BEEN COMPLETELY CLEARED OF THE GERMANS BY BRITISH AND CANADIAN TROOPS. This town was regarded as the northern "anchor" of the Siegfried defences: as soon as it was captured, the Allied forces pressed on along the highway to Goch, the next point of importance in this sector. Cleve was a place with 20,000 peacetime inhabitants: portions of it are very badly shattered, one of the worst being the area along the Canal

b



WHERE THE RED ARMY MASSED FOR THE ATTACK ALONG THE ODER IN FRONT OF FRANKFURT and established bridgeheads across the river by means of rafts ferried by Soviet soldiers through the ice-floes. Huge fires are reported to be burning on the west bank—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE GREAT RUSSIAN DRIVE

The Position at Frankfurt and at Konigsberg

—With Radio Pictures from Budapest and Other Sectors of the Eastern Front

Although the Russian High Command switched its thrusts against the Oder line of defence from point to point, the main massing of troops was reported to be in the Frankfurt area. Advancing by way of Kunersdorf, Marshal Zhukov's troops pressed along the main road leading to Frankfurt's principal bridge. On the right is the eastern suburb of Dammvorst, embanked against possible flooding; to the left are low hills—the Germans still held a small bridgehead on the east bank. The Russians occupied part of Dammvorst, and began shelling German gun and mortar positions in the N.E. section of the city: gaining possession of the hills to the south, it also became possible to shell the railway station.

Snow covered the ground, but was reported to be melting in the regions of intensest activity, so hot had become the air from the numerous fires on the western bank. Fortifications were blazing; the pall of smoke which hung over the district was so heavy that Russian convoy drivers had to switch on headlights to enable them to pick their way forward to the firing lines. Beyond the fires, in certain areas of Frankfurt, other palls of smoke could be seen rising from burning German towns in the distance. Bridgeheads were established to north and south of Frankfurt under very trying conditions. The men pushed out into the dark, murky stream on any kind of raft available. Ice-floes coming down the river added to the difficulties.

PREPARING FOR THE LAST STAGES IN BUDAPEST, now captured by the Russians. Soviet tanks moving up along the Budapest Highway, to enter the Hungarian capital and clear its streets of Germans

A COLUMN OF RUSSIAN SELF-PROPELLED GUNS prepared for action in the streets of the city just before its complete surrender. The news of its fall was given out by the Germans on February 13

RED ARMY MEN EXAMINING HOUSES CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY after furious street-fighting. Each street was bitterly contested and each group of buildings had been converted by the Germans into a strong-point

LONG BEFORE THE CITY OF BUDAPEST WAS FINALLY CLEARED OF THE ENEMY, civilians returned to those city blocks which had been occupied by the Red Army, bringing their salvaged chattels with them

THE RED ARMY IN GERMAN SILESIA: Soviet tanks passing through the town of Gleiwitz on the day of its occupation. It has been called the "Ruhr of the East," and had a peacetime population of 100,000

HOUSES IN GLEIWITZ BURNING AS THE SOVIET TROOPS ENTERED: They had been set on fire by the retreating Germans. Many of the buildings had been severely damaged by the bombardment by Red Army artillery

NEAR OPPELN, IN SILESIA: Tanks operating with a "task force" of tommy-gunners emerging from a German ambuscade near the city. The snows lie thick on the ground everywhere in these parts

A NIGHT BATTLE WAGED WITH TANKS on the Eastern Front, as the Soviet guns battered at German positions ahead. The superiority in armour possessed by the Red Army has been very noticeable

SOVIET TANKS IN THE STREETS OF NAIDENBURG. The great weight and power of the new Russian fighting vehicles at the opening of the campaign caused consternation amongst the Germans

THE RED ARMY AT THE APPROACHES TO KONIGSBERG. Tanks and infantry, working in conjunction, take up position for an attack just outside the great fortress town in East Prussia

On right—The thrust towards the Baltic brought the Russian forces into the southern suburbs of Konigsberg, on the Pregel, which lies within a mile or two of the enclosed arm of the Baltic known as the Frische Haff. The city is surrounded with fortifications and a ring of detached forts. The Russian advance was bitterly resisted by a garrison swollen by units from neighbouring positions; the population too has grown by some 200,000 refugees, the normal population being 370,000. The view given here is taken from the south, looking across the promontory towards Memel, captured by Russian forces in an earlier operation. Konigsberg was founded by the Order of Teutonic Knights in the thirteenth century, when that order became established among the heathen Prussians. The city has grown in importance as a port and industrial centre; the making of locomotives has been a leading industry in modern times. Red Army forces have been reported to be close up to the southern suburbs of Konigsberg and possibly engaged in the outer roads and lanes. Preussich-Eylau, 22 miles away, has also been occupied, and other Soviet forces have entered into Elbing, the Baltic port. Thousands of German troops were reported to be cut off in the peninsula to the N.W. of Konigsberg. Certainly, "the noose was being drawn tighter"

THE THRUST BY THE RED ARMY TOWARDS THE BALTIC: The northern wing of the Soviet Army comes up against the great fortress town of Konigsberg, which lies to the south of Memel (already occupied by the Russians). This diagram-drawing gives a lay-out of the East Prussian seaport as it was beleaguered by the Russians—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

A "GRAND ARMY" SPLIT INTO MANY PIECES

This is the Fate which is Now Overtaking the Germans—on the Eastern Front, in the West, and in the Many Isolated "Pockets" Being Held Under Hitler's Express Orders

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE was an illuminating passage in a despatch from the Eastern Front, so illuminating that it gave the effect as of a bursting starshell revealing how the German Grand Army must irrefragably end.

"So this is to be it," one reflected—and recollected.

The various endings one had from time to time supposed for this mighty host! In triumph or disaster; over-stretching on the vast outer rim; achieving stalemate. No conqueror had ever spread himself so gigantically, whatever one thought of his intuitions. From Spitzbergen almost to the Nile, from the Terek, near Tiflis, to Finisterre. No wonder the younger Nazis grew blind and drunk with certainty. And now this was to be the end: a Grand Army splitting in pieces. Here a whole army isolated and standing against encircling enemies; there a group trying to fight its way home (where did that lie now?); yonder a force of fanatics acting the hedgehog on a natural mountainous bastion; further afield yet, crack elements "sitting it out" in sea-girt "pockets"; garrisons clinging to a city's wreckage which they themselves had willed. What a crazy ending east and west and south and north! There were Germans still squatting at Suda Bay, barely a couple of hundred miles from Tobruk!

That was it . . . it began to look as if bits and pieces of the German Grand Army would be left scattered all over Europe after Berlin, or wherever else the "heart" of Germany removed to after it had sunk to an imperceptible beat. Some major portions would hang together a while yet, as the 60-odd divisions defending the Rhine. Yet Shaef expected these divisions to break up in battle, some to be cut off and rounded up, others to find their way into groupings further back in Germany. The whole tendency was—splitting up, splitting up.

What did the Russians report? Just that. At this writing, you may count at least seven scattered sections of the once Grand Army that ventured to the Volga, and by the time this article appears there will assuredly be several more portions of the Wehrmacht cut off in the east, duly labelled by the Red Army "For future annihilation and collection." There still exist very sizable remnants of the thirty divisions which were trapped last October in the Libau area. Now that there has occurred a second big encirclement whose hub is Konigsberg, the Germans farther east in Latvia are doubly cut off from Home, Führer and Fatherland. Probably not far short of forty-five divisions, or what once amounted to such, can be written off in Latvia, Konigsberg and the rest of East Prussia. Only stragglers will ever get back to Lili Marlene under the lamp at the corner of the street.

Then there is the group which was half-caught in Poznan, and half deliberately stayed behind there as a fending force, waving a Teutonic "*Adieu!*" to comrades being driven west towards Brandenburg. And smaller, though still important, sections surrounded at Schneidemuehl and Arnswalde in Pomerania. Finally there is Budapest, where the surrender of another 30,000 concluded affairs. How they all mount up. For Torun (Thorn): "13,000 dead, 15,000 prisoners." Bang went another 28,000!

Nor need one be a journalistic General to espy further fragments designing themselves at Breslau, Stettin and Berlin itself.

Turn south in the mind's eye. Where exactly on the map are the elements (it is wrong to call everything "remnants," which is redolent of feebleness) of the sixteen divisions which Field-Marshal von Wiechs was understood to be trying to extricate from Yugoslavia? The last I heard anything definite, they were struggling north towards Styria, some having started from Salonika, and had reached a Ban in which lie the towns of Novi-Sad and Gradisca. Tito and Tolbukhin or Malinovsky have their teeth well into this shed segment of the Wehrmacht, and it will also have to negotiate the Slovene maquis if it is ever to reach Graz.

Kesselring's twenty or more divisions in Italy can hardly fail to divide into two, possibly three portions when the inevitable hour strikes. One such looks all set for Genoa and points west, and it should be accounted for in the quadrilateral Switzerland - the Alps - the Mediterranean - Lake Como. A second body, the main one, cannot fail to try and reach the inner Tyrol "fortress" over the Brenner. But it is quite possible that a third portion of Kesselring's group may be driven into the Venetian Plain and towards Trieste.

From the Riviera across to the mouth of the Gironde; and we come to the first of the 100,000, for the most part tough and tried Germans of all services cut off along the French-Atlantic seaboard. These are the ones who told American officers that they intended to sit it out—and why fight any more? All they wished was that they should be the last of the German Army to allow themselves to be taken into protective custody. Meanwhile, they are under the necessity of executing periodical foraging sorties into the surrounding country, but they really want to be pally. I certainly looked twice at one picture, showing a Boche shaking hands with an F.F.I. officer.

Why were these crack troops of the Army, Navy and Luftwaffe ordered to head for these places—Royan, La Rochelle, St. Nazaire and Lorient—and lock themselves in with the much smaller garrisons already established locally? No adequate answer has yet been forthcoming. To keep the U-boat war in being? To sustain anxiety and unrest among the French? Or did Hitler really have some plan to hold the Russians, even to mollify them, and then to carry the war westwards once more? Perhaps the answer will prove to be a blending of all three. It brings up the whole question whether the splitting into pieces of the German Army which we are witnessing derives, at least in part, from some preconceived plan as well as from sound Allied, preponderantly Russian, strategy. Hitler may want groups holding out all over the place, in the hope that greater continental chaos may thereby be furthered, in which he can hope to fish from his inner Alpine "fortress." He may have opted for that in preference to the possibility of another "unbeaten" German Army surrendering in mass, as happened in 1918.

Anyway, he's got it. For, proceeding on our way, we next note the strength of a division—again good troops—locked up in the Channel Islands, where the Prussian commander says it is a matter of prestige and honour to keep on keeping on.

Poor civilians in all these places! In which respect, one applauds the official Washington discovery that in any next war the armed forces will be the advance guard, civilians the second line, and treated as such.

Next stop Dunkirk. Here the answer is plain. Rundstedt wanted to fight last summer inside France, having drawn the landing Allies towards his prepared positions of manœuvre. He was overruled by impetuous Rommel, the Führer's very own soldier. At some subsequent stage, when things had manifestly gone all wrong for them, the Germans hurriedly packed up for the Low Countries, even the Rhine, meaning to return at least to that sector of the coast nearest to England in order to practise most advantageously V and maybe other forms of warfare. The effort was made in the Ardennes, and who will doubt that the hope was to join with Dunkirk's garrison as well as to reach Antwerp? Well, one day the Czechs will put "paid" to this particular account, and fragment.

Still another fragment should eventually be cut off in north-west Holland, once Montgomery fans out. Had Arnhem succeeded, this would have happened last October, when the number listed for "the bag" was, I believe, in the region of 70,000.

In Scandinavia, it may be permissible to envisage the fragmentation process as likely to produce three separate groupings. One in the far north, comprising German forces left in the Finmark-Narvik region. A second in Norway proper—that is, distributed in the main centres enclosed by Trondhjem, Bergen, Christiansand and Oslo. It may be intended to make a very special effort to hold out in both these sectors, especially the southern. Hitler obviously sees a potential northern "fortress" in Norway, balancing his own planned effort based on Tyrol, and that may be the reason of his warmth towards the otherwise exploded Quisling. One hears of an "anti-Russian" front being started in Norway, in the hope that it will hold while large tracts of Europe re-develop a "Bolshevik bogy" complex. "The entire German-controlled Press in Norway," one reads, "is carrying on intensified propaganda for the 'Norwegian front.'"

The third fragmentation liable to show itself in the north bears on Denmark, with its attendant Frisian and Schleswig garrisons. This seems to represent a territory preordained to have a section of the Wehrmacht cut off in it.

Coming to Germany itself, the Wehrmacht still holds wholly together west of a line Stettin-Berlin-Dresden, but if anything is certain, it is that the current year will witness army groups big and small being surrounded and cut off in this and that part of northern, western, central and southern Germany. The Germans should themselves invite this process by clinging to historic apertures into the Reich.

The topography of the Reich is the principal clue-giver to where we may expect further fragmentation of the kind which the French First Army completed in Alsace by disposing of most of the German Nineteenth Army. For example, one may expect an isolated defence of the Isteiner Lotz and that section of the Black Forest adjoining. This mountainous mass, extending from Bale to Baden-Baden on the right bank of the Rhine, guards what used to be called the Burgundian Gate into south-west Germany. And we may anticipate an even larger force being surrounded in the Harz Mountains, a natural bastion 60 miles long by 20 across, lying roughly midway along, and athwart, the road from Cologne to Berlin.

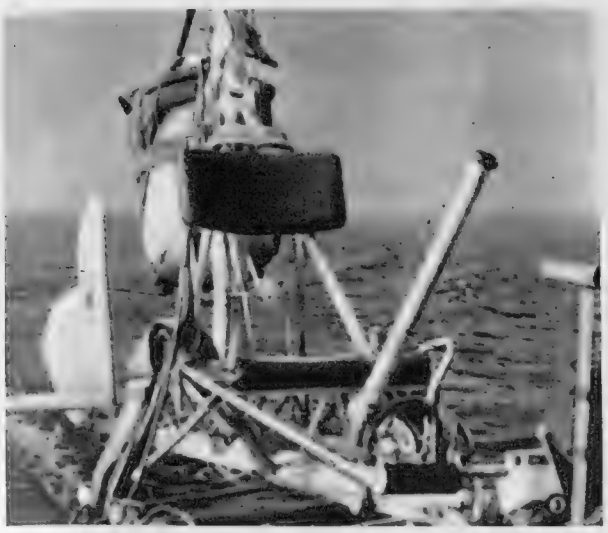
IN BUDAPEST: German prisoners captured by the Russians—many of them of poor physique and of unprepossessing exterior. Great numbers of the enemy were taken during the unavailing defence of the Hungarian capital

IN THE EAST PRUSSIAN SNOWS: Prisoners taken near Tilsit being marched to the rear. Many of them were "pocketed" by the Russians and then gathered up by the Red Army in mopping-up operations

ON THE WESTERN FRONT. These middle-aged and tired-looking soldiers, taken prisoner in the Wittring sector in mid-January, are the vaunted S.S. troops. The majority are re-classified soldiers of the Luftwaffe, and the remainder are so-called "volunteers" from Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, etc.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The WATER DONKEY and the PERISCOPE MINE of the Nazi U-Boats



THE TELESCOPIC HELICOPTER: A full view of the seat and steering device. The plane can rise to a height of 1,000 ft. The rotating blades which lift it into the air are driven by the forward movement of the U-boat, to which the midget plane is connected by wire rope

How the midget plane is carried in a special pressure-safe container on board the submarine

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE HELICOPTER: In reality, it consists solely of a seat for the pilot and the gyroscopic propeller

THE HELICOPTER IN FULL FLIGHT just after the tiny aircraft has taken off from the deck of the submarine. It has no wings, but boasts a tailplane

A GERMAN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION of the apparatus in flight 1,000 ft. above the deck of the towing submarine

TO DELUDE ALLIED ESCORT VESSELS: THE "WATER DONKEY" AND ITS VARIOUS COMPARTMENTS: The functions of these are described in the notes on the right. In the inset, the "periscope mine" is depicted *(See, also, drawing reproduced on the following page of this issue)*

On the following page we reproduce a drawing, specially prepared by one of THE SPHERE'S naval artists, to show some of the new devices now being used by the German U-boats to help them in their present campaign against Allied shipping in the Atlantic and elsewhere. Since that drawing was prepared, the pictures given on this page have come to hand. They were originally reproduced in *Signal*, the propaganda journal published by Dr. Goebbels for neutral and Allied consumption: together with the pictures is an article giving an outline of the counter-methods adopted by the Germans to deceive the British methods of detection by hydrophone, which employ ultra-sound, and (more recently) ultra-radio waves.

Against the hydrophones the Nazis have used two principal methods: near the coast the apparatus employed is the "Water Donkey." This is illustrated in the left-hand drawing herewith, and also in Mr. Wm. McDowell's drawing on the following page. The "Donkey" is a decoy miniature U-boat towed by the actual U-boat, which remains submerged. A description of it (from *Signal*) is given below. The second method for deceiving attacking Allied aircraft is shown in the inset: it is a simple sea mine, to which has been fitted a periscope—hence the term "periscope mine." These are laid in waters where the British defence is particularly strong.

The third device of the Nazis is the telescopic helicopter, made of light metal alloy. This is an aircraft, of sorts, which can be used for long-distance observation over wide stretches of sea. It is stated that it can rise to a height of 1,000 ft. when towed from its parent submarine.

In the drawing on the left, **1** is the towing-rope, of a length of half-a-mile; **2** shows the whole of the "Water Donkey's" hull. It is built in such a way that it floats just beneath the surface: on it is mounted an exact reproduction of the upper structure of a U-boat. The actual submarine and the dummy are connected by electric cable: if the U-boat commander spots an escort vessel, he starts the sound machine installed at **3**; the aeroplane or escort vessel now detects the sound. If the aeroplane attacks, air is released from the "Donkey" from cylinders at **4**. Oil can also be released, from containers shown at **5**. At the surface there then form air bubbles at **6**. After the pilot has dropped his bombs, the "Water Donkey" releases bits of lifeboats, clothing and other wreckage: these are stored at **7**. At the same time, the whole boat can be flooded from the tanks at **8**, whereupon the "Donkey" is sunk and the real U-boat continues on its course unharmed.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "TALLY HO" WITH A JAPANESE DESTROYER IN THE MALACCA STRAITS, during the course of an eighteen-months cruise in Far Eastern waters when she sailed a 61,000-mile patrol and sank twenty-one Japanese ships—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

After eighteen months in Far Eastern waters the submarine *Tally Ho* has returned home. During her 61,000-mile patrol in the Pacific, she sank twenty-one Japanese ships. These achievements are recorded on the ship's Jolly Roger, with its skull and cross-bones. The "bag" included a Japanese cruiser of the 5,100 Kuma class; a submarine; a submarine chaser; an escort vessel of 1,000 tons; seventeen other ships ranging from ammunition-laden coastal craft to supply vessels of between 5,000 and 6,000 tons. The commanding officer is Commander L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O. and Bar, D.S.C. and Bar, who joined the Navy in 1928 as a rating. "One night, after surfacing in Malacca Straits," he said, "a Japanese destroyer tried to ram us. A quick change in the *Tally Ho's* course saved us. Then she headed for us again. We manœuvred, and the destroyer slid the length of the *Tally Ho*, tearing open our port main ballast tanks with her propellers. We took on a heavy list, but escaped." The Commander declared that the Japanese always attacked in rather a "bullying" way, but once the British ships stood up to them they quickly lost heart. The Japanese used the Malacca Straits as a training ground for cruisers. Once the *Tally Ho* waited two days outside a harbour there for a cruiser. She appeared at last, zigzagging wildly. *Tally Ho* hit her twice with torpedoes and sank her. The British submarine is a vessel of the Trident class.

***On left*—H.M.S. "WATCHMAN," ONE OF THE OLDEST BRITISH DESTROYERS AT SEA TO-DAY, which has just completed 200,000 wartime miles**

Two hundred thousand miles steamed, with only two visits to the dockyard for major refit, was the proud wartime record celebrated aboard the V and W class destroyer H.M.S. *Watchman* when the ship's company recently held a party on board to commemorate the twenty-seventh anniversary of her commissioning from John Brown's yard at Clydebank, on January 24, 1918. The *Watchman* is one of the oldest destroyers at sea to-day.

During three months as an Atlantic convoy escort the *Watchman* travelled 20,000 miles through some of the worst gales, while over a similar period earlier this year she logged 14,000 miles on the Russian convoy routes. While on patrol in the Bay of Biscay the *Watchman* was attacked by radio-controlled bombs released by enemy aircraft. Three times in two hours during pre-D-Day patrols in the English Channel the *Watchman* intercepted groups of E-boats trying to get through to attack a convoy. Each time the attacks were beaten off by the *Watchman's* guns and the convoy got through unharmed. After D-Day she had the job of protecting convoys of landing craft.

Watchman was launched on December 2, 1917: she has a displacement of 900 tons and a speed of 28 knots.

WARFARE BY U-BOAT

—JAPANESE AND GERMAN

With Details Concerning the New Nazi Submarine Devices

***Below*—SOME OF THE DEVICES WHICH ARE REPORTED TO BE IN USE BY GERMAN SUBMARINES**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

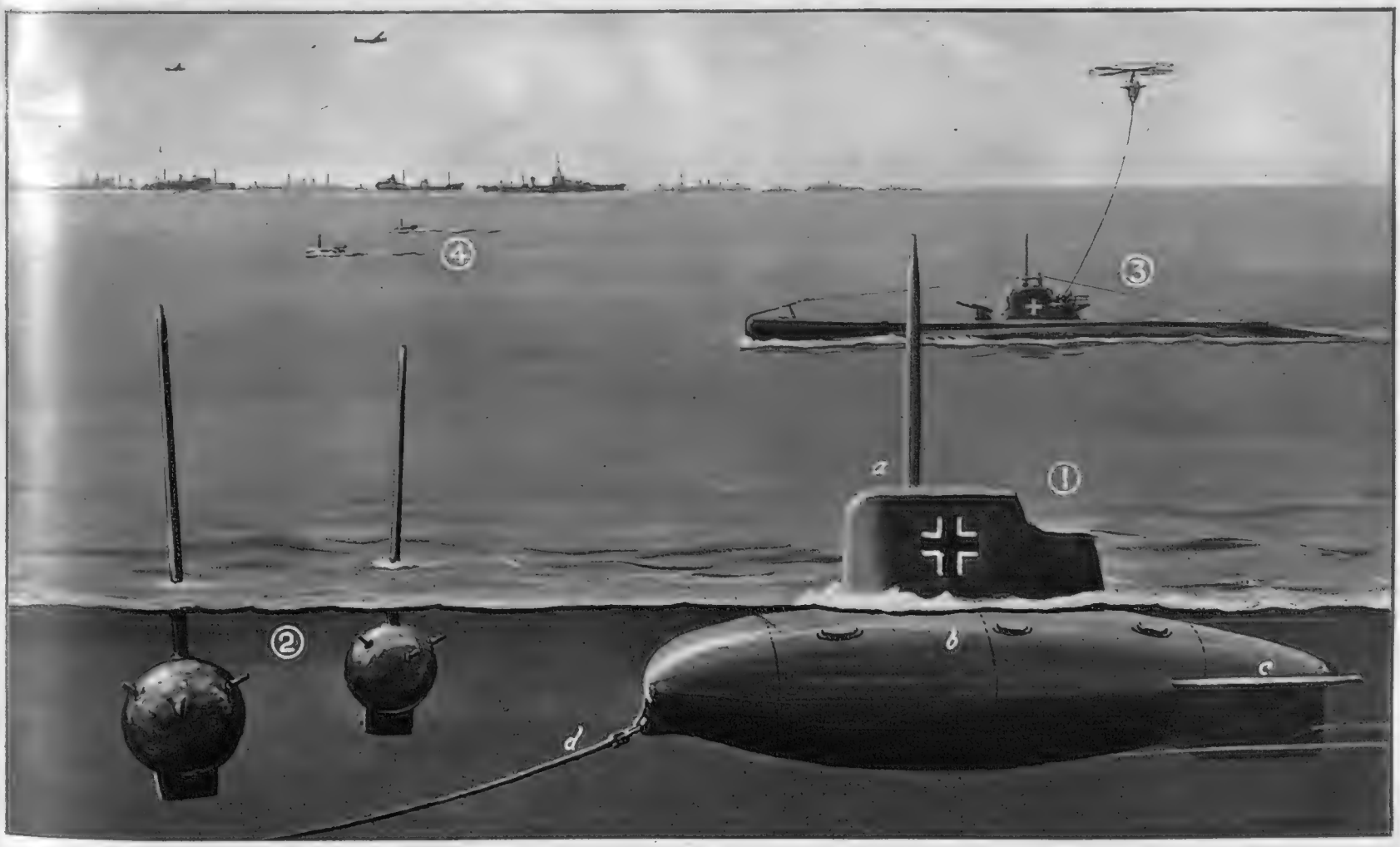
According to a report by Mr. Ossian Goulding from Stockholm, the new U-boats include a number of innovations. These are: Cutting away and streamlining almost the whole of the upper structure forward of the conning tower to add extra speed in diving; the mounting of a "telescopic" helicopter of light metal alloy. This is little more than a seat and a joy-stick on a tubular frame with a helicopter screw, attached to the deck by a steel cable and able to rise to 900 ft.; secret radar devices to attempt to avoid detection by Allied aircraft and warships; the Diesel Luftmast, or, as the Allies call it, the "Schnorkel"—a combined air intake and exhaust abaft the periscope and enabling the U-boat to cruise indefinitely below the surface at periscope depth on Diesel motors instead of using the electric motors.

There are also a number of "spoof" gadgets of doubtful value, of which the most notable are the "Water Donkey" and the "Periscope Mine." The "Water Donkey" is a dummy U-boat conning tower and periscope towed behind a U-boat in coastal waters at the end of 6,000 ft. of steel cable. When the dummy is attacked the U-boat commander can cause the release of smoke, oil and air bubbles, together with "U-boat wreckage" stored in a special compartment. The dummy is then sunk by the flooding of chambers and the genuine U-boat casts off the cable and proceeds under surface to safety. The "Periscope Mine" is an ordinary sea mine with a periscope mounted on top. They are left dotted about the ocean in the busiest convoy lanes, in the hope that a destroyer or other escort vessel will be destroyed in attempting to ram.

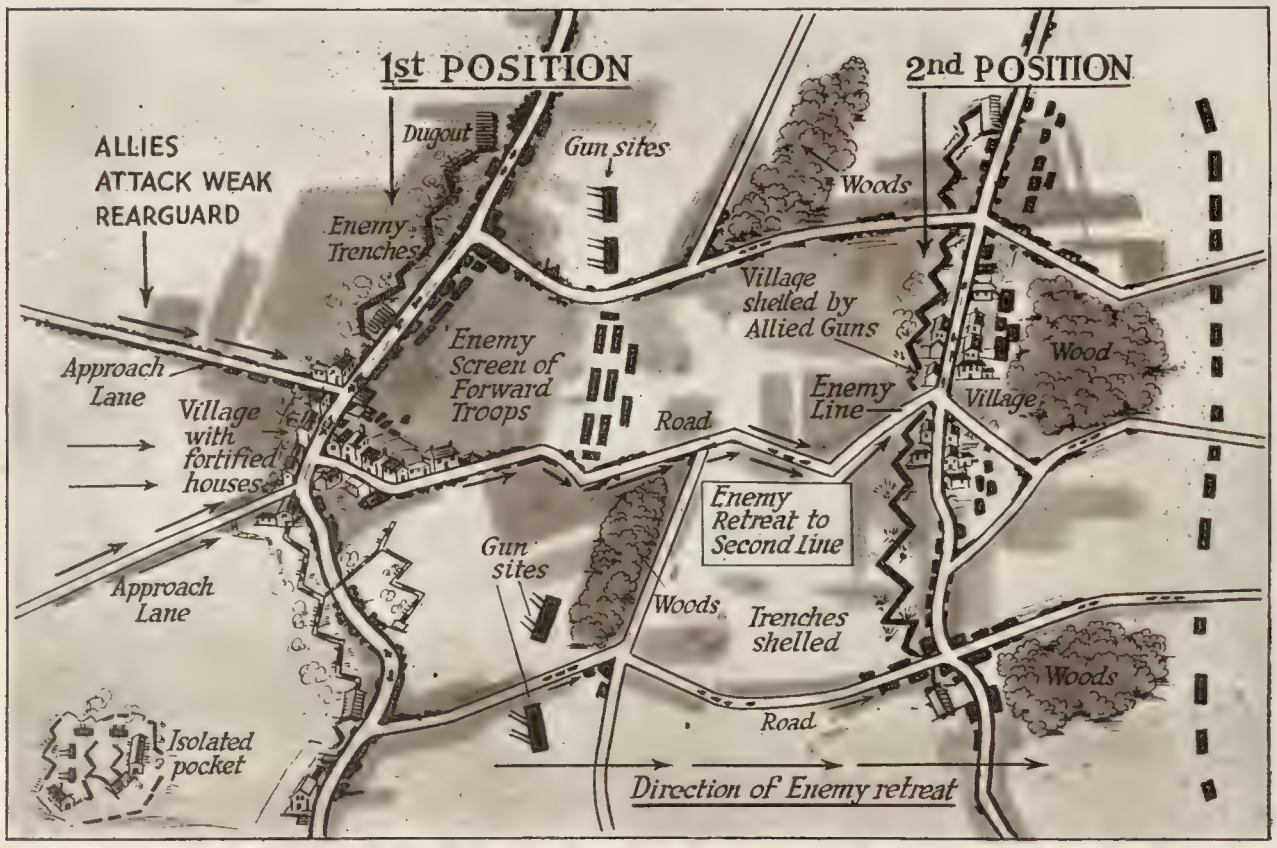
In the drawing reproduced below, these devices are illustrated. No. 1 shows the "Water Donkey," with A representing the conning tower and periscope; B, the small hull containing oil, etc., to be released; C, the stabilising vanes; and D, the tow line which incorporates the electric lead to operate the release mechanism. No. 2 shows the "Periscope Mine." No. 3 is the helicopter observation device which carries an observer aloft for reconnaissance at sea. No. 4 shows a submerged U-boat using the "Schnorkel," or "snort," device.

None of the devices shown in the drawing are new: even if they *do* exist, as reported, their value has still to be proved.

A NEW 20,000-TON TROOPSHIP NEARS COMPLETION IN THE UNITED STATES: The U.S.S. *General William Weigel* has been built as a "super"-troopship in the Federal Shipyard at Kearney, New Jersey. Her smoke-stack weighs just over 40 tons and is 50 ft. high, with a fore-and-aft depth of 30 ft.; it is "tear-drop" in shape, for smooth airflow. The stack was built on the ground like a four-storey building, and was lifted in one piece on to its prepared foundation on the ship. Within it, a much smaller pipe will carry off the fumes, but there will be no smoke as the high-pressure, high-temperature power plant does not smoke. The *General William Weigel* is tenth of a line of big "Invasion Specials" launched at Kearney. Several have been shuttling across the Atlantic carrying tens of thousands of fighting men to the Western Front



1.—THE SLOWNESS OF THE MUCH-VAUNTED ROYAL TIGERS PROVED FATAL TO THE GERMAN CHANCES OF SUCCESS. It should be pointed out that the initial victories in the Ardennes were achieved by the enemy through his employment of the new Tigers—massive tanks which withstood easily the *medium* fire from Allied guns. But they were slow in proportion to their weight, and there soon came a stage in which speed was an essential to success. The Royal Tigers could not advance quickly enough, and were overtaken by the speedier vehicles of the Allies



2.—THE ENEMY'S METHOD OF DEFENSIVE RETREAT: THE FIRST LINE WOULD GIVE WAY, ONLY TO BRING THE ALLIES UP AGAINST A STRONGER GERMAN LINE OF DEFENCE. Throughout the entire rearward movement back to the German frontier, the Nazis employed the device of the lightly-held front line: when this was penetrated, the pursuers would be confronted with a second, more strongly held, line which had been reinforced with additional guns, tanks and fortified houses

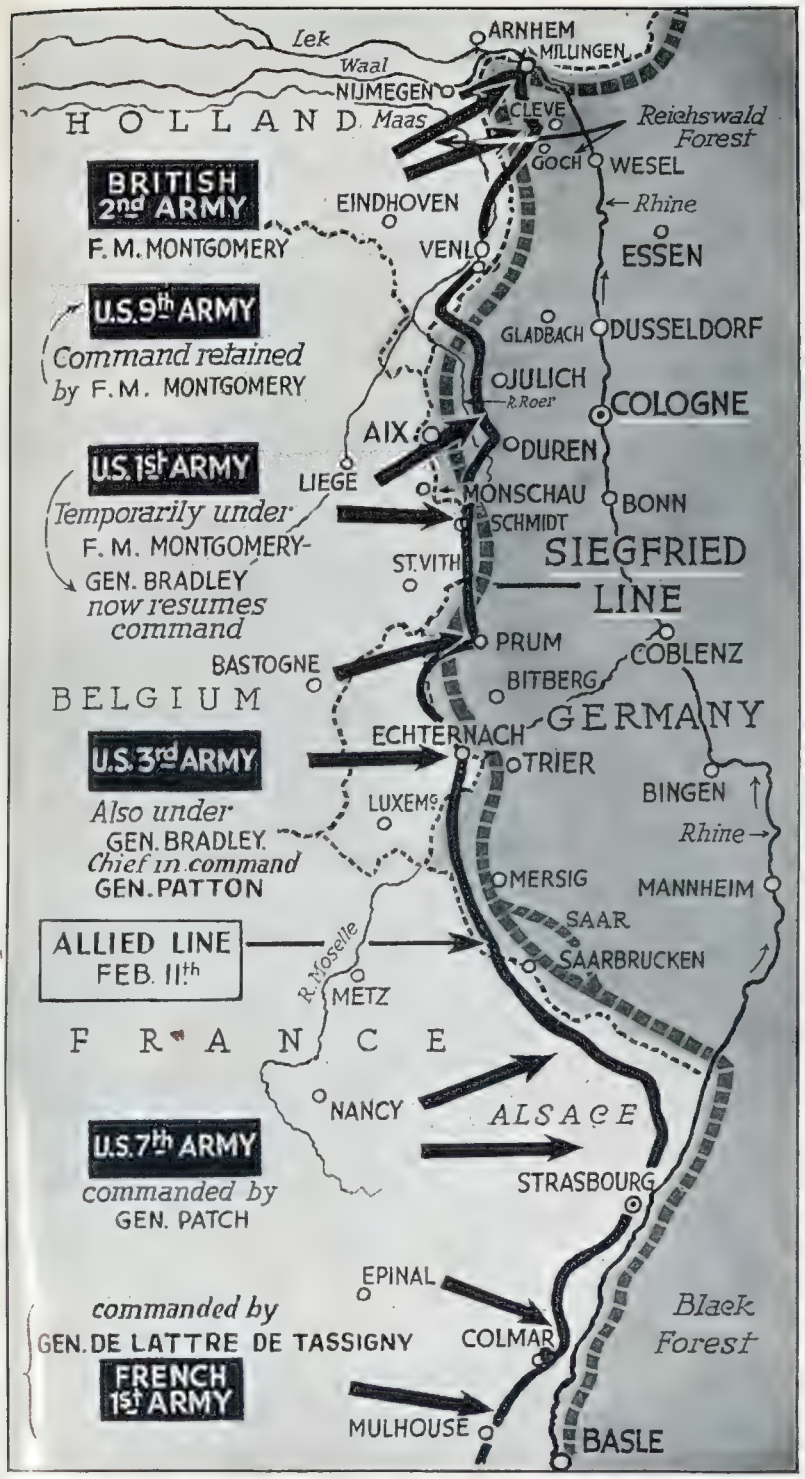
The GERMAN ADVENTURE in the ARDENNES

Was it Justified in its Intention and in its Results?

When Hitler (who is credited with its origination) planned the break-through into the Ardennes, he was expecting that the Russian winter offensive would be launched against him within a few weeks. He made a gambler's choice to throw in all his carefully-mustered strategical reserve in a great effort to immobilise the Allied forces in the west. Had he succeeded in his object of reaching Antwerp, the main port of supply, he would have cut a great breach between the Allies, and this would certainly have delayed further activity on the Western Front for a considerable time, sufficient for him to transfer divisions from the west to meet the great Russian assault in the east.

3.—THE WEATHER CONDITIONS: At one time the weather varied so much that it would first favour the Germans, then the Allies. One of the odd features of the fighting is illustrated below: big snow-drifts blocked the roads, and shells bursting amongst these threw up huge fountains, oftentimes more disconcerting than dangerous!

—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*



4.—THE READJUSTMENT OF COMMANDS AFTER THE FAILURE OF THE GERMANS IN THE ARDENNES. Whilst the danger of a break-through was still imminent, the situation in the Allied Northern sector was such that British and American forces were merged. This meant that the U.S. First Army came temporarily under Field-Marshal Montgomery's orders. With the final clearance of the enemy the Commands were readjusted as shown in the above diagram

A GERMAN TANK OVERTURNED IN THE SNOW DURING THE ARDENNES ADVENTURE, one of many which met a similar fate. The area where this picture was taken, between Grandmenil and Houffalize—in the core of the salient—was a graveyard of German armour

GERMAN: An enemy tank knocked out during the bitter fighting around the town of St. Vith

BRITISH: A Sherman tank which skidded off the road and capsized into the icy dyke at Zetten

SOME OF THE BIG GUNS WHICH WERE BROUGHT UP TO DEAL WITH THE GERMANS. Eight-inch weapons passing through d'Erezey, to lend more weight to the Allied counter-offensive in Belgium

IN COMMAND IN HOLLAND: General H. D. G. Crerar, C.B., directing the operations now being carried out by the First Canadian Army

LIEUT.-GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY, Commanding General of the Twelfth Army Group, in charge of the U.S. forces in Belgium and France

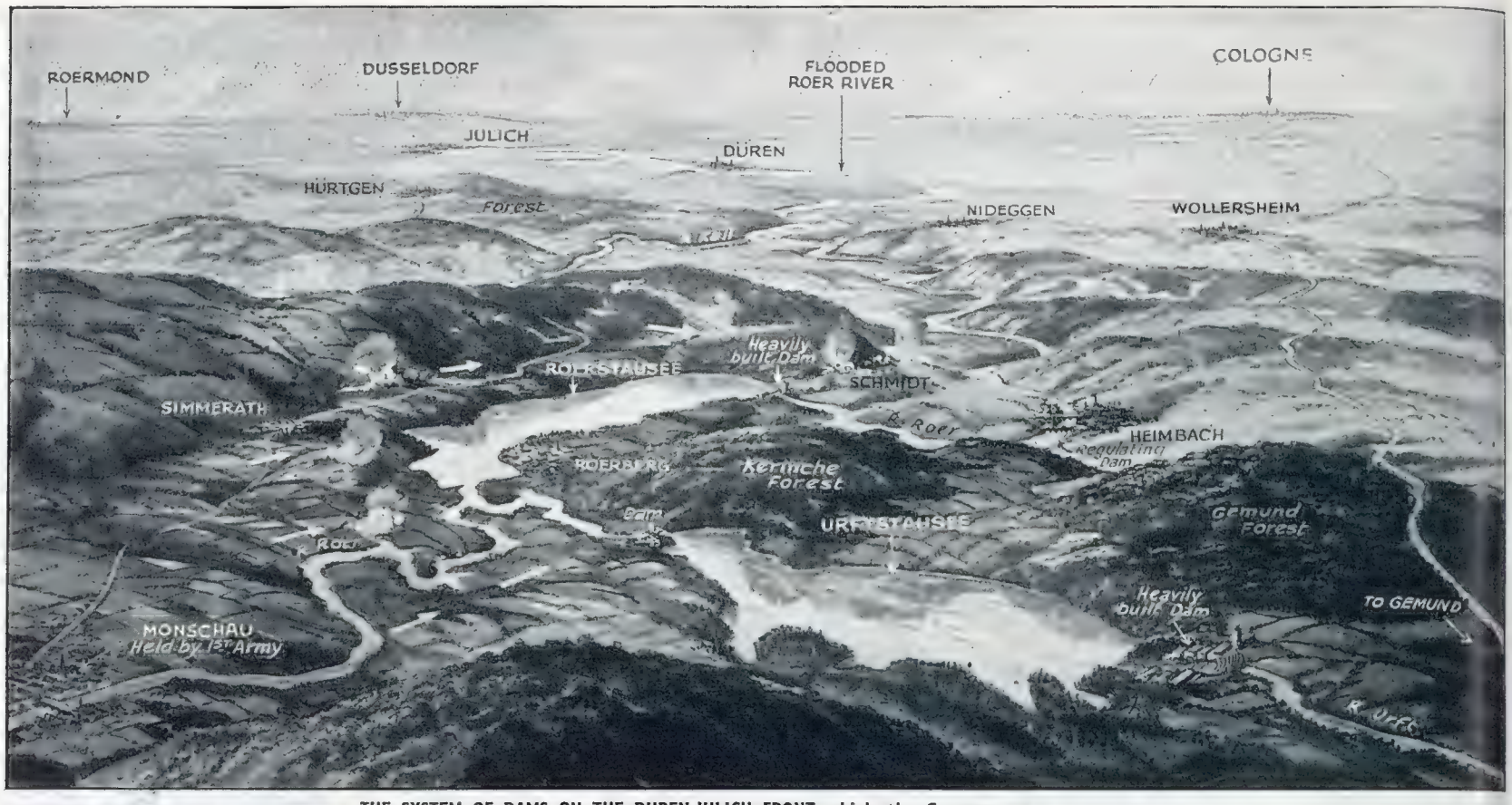
GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, the French C.-in-C., whose troops liberated the city of Colmar, in Alsace, at the south of the line

Crack troops were employed for the enterprise—the Sixth and Fifth S.S. Panzer Armies and the Seventh Army, twenty-four divisions in all, who were undoubtedly sent in "to do or die" in a great final effort to crush the British and Americans. Hitler emulated Frederick the Great when he announced to the Grenadiers that "if the Panzer Grenadiers fail now they will have had the last word from their Führer."

The continuance of bad weather had encouraged amongst the Germans the possibility of success by hiding their preparations and thus keeping the Air Force on the ground, cutting down by this means the great superiority in the air enjoyed by the Allies. The choice of attack, just north of the Luxembourg frontier, was cleverly chosen, the area being lightly defended, as the Ardennes was not considered a likely battleground. Starting on December 16, success was at first rapid, and the break-through complete. The foremost spearheads pressed on to their first objective, the Meuse, with great speed; but though Rundstedt's forces got within sight of the Meuse, they never reached it. The Allies reacted promptly to the danger, troops were rushed at incredible speed to the vital area, and the rush to Antwerp was crushed.

In two weeks, the all-out endeavour to immobilise the West Front was beaten, and from that moment Rundstedt began to withdraw. The unexpected final spell of clear weather around Christmas gave the Allied Air Forces their opportunity to belabour the crowded roads, thick with tanks, troops and supplies; and though clouds soon gathered again, this was sufficient to crush all Hitler's desperate hopes. The retreat was skilfully carried out, the nature of the hill country allowing road and other blocks; but the final cost to Germany was the loss of 220,000 men, including 110,000 prisoners, and 800 tanks, beside guns and a vast quantity of transport destroyed.

Before Rundstedt's army had completed their retreat to the old line, the Russian offensive had begun, and German armour was desperately needed in the east. The remnants of the Sixth Panzer Army was gathered and sent off, but the mass of traffic on the roads was so great, the blocks made by broken bridges were so many, that congestion of long lines of tanks and armoured cars made deadly targets for the R.A.F., who pounded them from the air. The desperate hazard of the Ardennes offensive had failed, and Germany had lost her strategic reserves, leaving her powerless against the tremendous Russian advance. Once again Hitler's "military genius" had proved desperately wrong!



THE SYSTEM OF DAMS ON THE DUREN-JULICH FRONT which the Germans destroyed on the approach of the American First Army in the Roer River area—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The BROKEN DAMS on the ROER RIVER

Whereby the Germans Flooded the Approaches to the Siegfried Line

The River Roer, which for many months past proved a barrier to the Allied advance towards Cologne, in its journey from Monschau to Duren flows through wooded hills before it reaches the more open country between Duren and Julich. The river twists and turns in astonishing fashion, and is joined by another stream, the Urft, in the neighbourhood of Heimbach. The conformation of the enclosing hills favoured the construction of a number of artificial lakes, providing a water supply for Cologne and the surrounding industrial area.

American First Army troops pushed forward in order to gain command of the area. They worked forward from the high ground on which Simmerath and Schmidt are placed. On the western side of these heights is the Hurtgen Forest country, in which Allied troops were engaged during some arduous months in the autumn. Of the artificial lakes formed in this area, two of the largest are shown in the above view.

It was expected that the enemy might break these dams in order to flood the low-lying country stretching from Duren, through Julich to Linnich and beyond. It was not possible for the American troops to capture the dams in time to prevent the enemy breaking them. The dams are reported to be very heavily constructed, on wide bases, but sufficient of them were broken to flood the low-lying country.

On right—**A VIEW OF THE SCHAMMENAUEL DAM, east of Schmidt.** The bulk of it, built in 1933-1938, is filled in with earth and has been well camouflaged by plants and small trees. The roadway over the top has been blasted by the Germans: other scars on the surface are the result of three "block-busters" dropped by Allied planes last September. The dam holds 100,700,000 cubic metres of water: it is surrounded by a maze of pill-boxes overlooking the high ground guarding the Cologne Plain

THE FLOODED BATTLE AREAS THROUGH WHICH OUR TROOPS FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO CLEVE: An air view of the country around the village of Kranenberg

Some idea of the seas of mud through which British troops battled their way into the important Siegfried Line position of Cleve can be obtained from this aerial photograph taken along the road from Nijmegen. The sudden thawing of the January snowfalls, added to by the blasting of dykes by the Germans, flooded the meadow lands on either side of the road all the way to the Rhine. The built-up main roads were bad enough for the troops, but the country lanes were just quagmires through which armour and infantry oozed their way. Some of the assault troops, in the van of the attack, were carried into action by amphibious tanks in certain sectors

BOOBY-TRAP HUNTING IN A GERMAN VILLAGE AFTER AN INFILTRATION BY BRITISH TROOPS, when anything out of the normal must be regarded with great suspicion. Note the jug on the barrel, the curtain hanging out of the window, etc.—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

SCENES FROM THE BATTLE-LINE

The Germans have proved themselves to be very adept at this type of warfare. Anything which looks in the slightest way suspicious must be avoided, for the probability is that it conceals a deadly mine or grenade. Jugs and bottles are placed just where a passing soldier might lift them; curtains are connected up with lethal bombs; piles of debris conceal charges of high-explosive, etc. So fond are the Germans of such tricks as these that, frequently, they have made a sortie into a British-held village in order to plant traps, and then returned to their own lines, well content with the night's work

HOW THE KING'S NEPHEW, LIEUT. GERALD LASCELLES, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE, LED HIS PLATOON INTO BATTLE DURING THE ATTACK ON ST. JOOST, IN HOLLAND—
Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

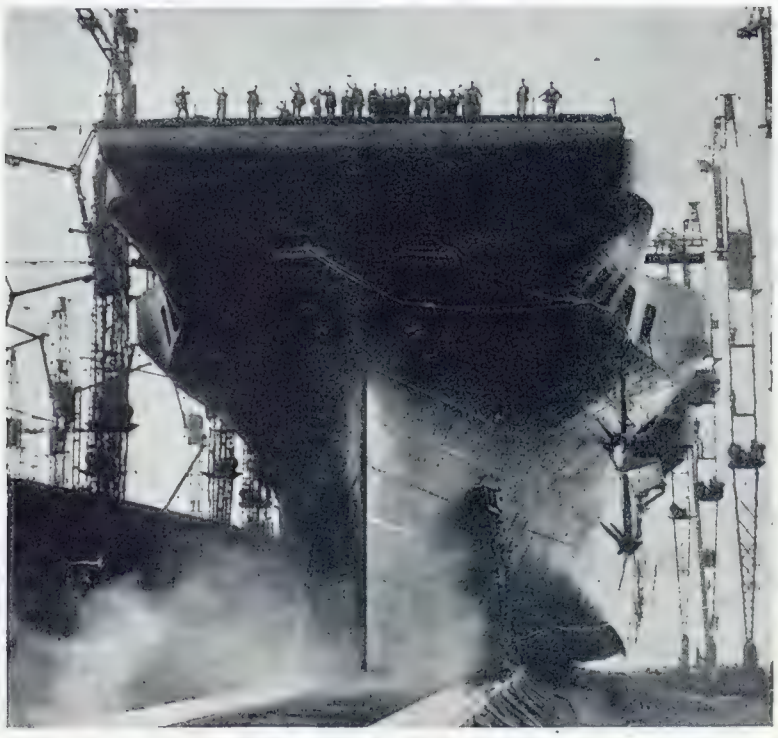
The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, second son of the Princess Royal and nephew of King George, is twenty-one years of age: he is a Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. During the battle for St. Joost, in Holland, he was at the head of the leading platoon. The action took place just after noon. Down the iced road roared a number of Crocodile flame-throwers to give support to the infantry at points of enemy resistance. In the wake of these tanks the infantry moved down the road, each file taking one side, with one platoon being led by the King's nephew. As the men reached a signpost pointing to St. Joost, the artillery opened up and the men halted, under orders, to take cover in the ditches, mostly filled with icy water. Then Lieut. Lascelles gave his men the order to advance. Inside the village fierce fighting took place hand-to-hand, until an order was sent back by the young officer for tank support. Soon afterwards the enemy resistance was broken down and St. Joost was in British hands

ON HER WAY THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL TO JOIN THE EASTERN FLEET, H.M.S. "INDEFATIGABLE," 30,000-TON AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, WORE THE FLAG OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP VIAN, D.S.O. She is the fifth ship of her line, and is the most modern vessel of her type in the Royal Navy to-day

Britain's Biggest and Fastest AIRCRAFT-CARRIER

H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, Now Known to be Operating with the East Indies Fleet

It was only at the beginning of the present month that Britain's "secret" carrier was announced to be operating with the East Indies Fleet, and that she had taken part in the successful "strike" against oil targets in Sumatra



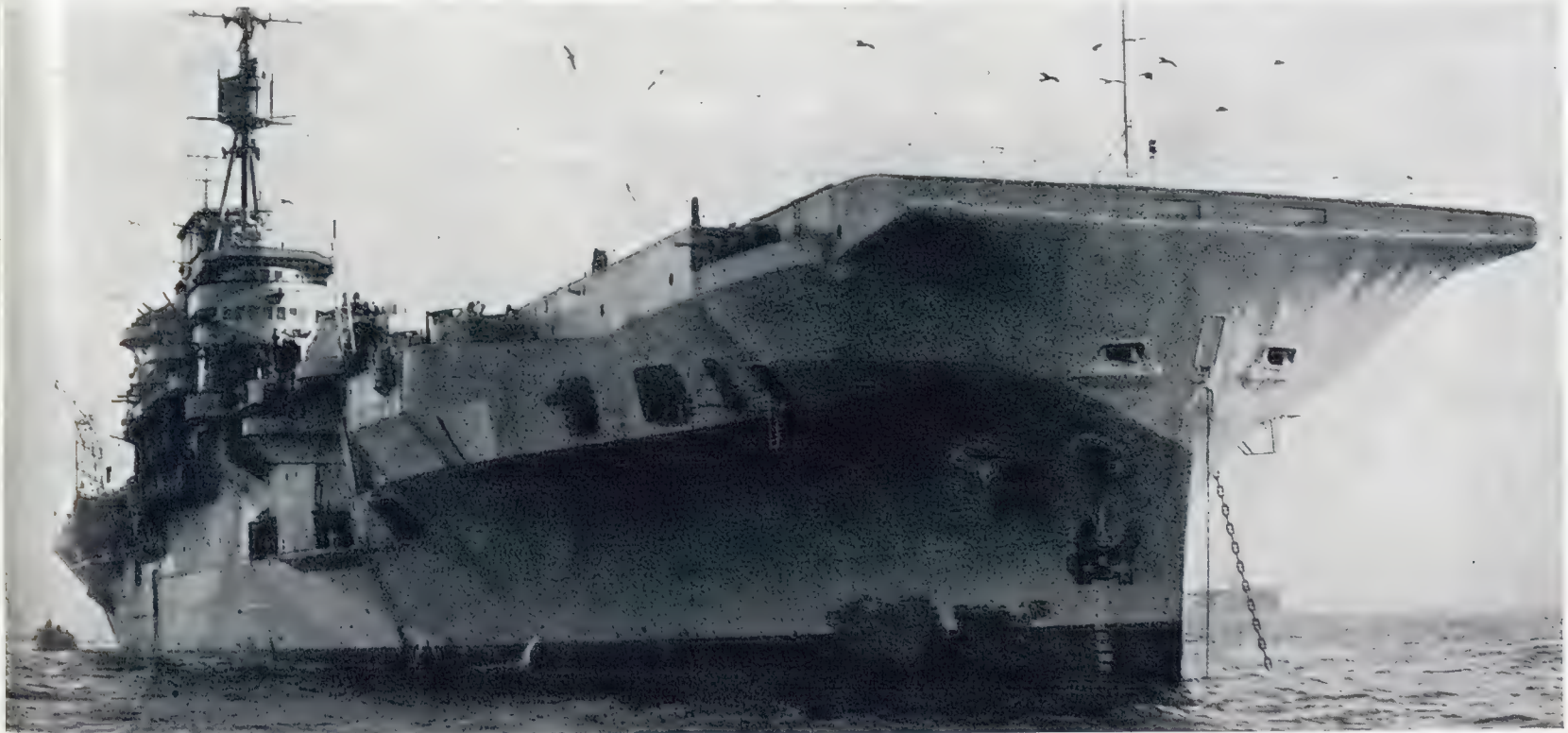
AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: A picture which shows the vessel's great height and the width of her flight-deck as seen from the bow. The launching ceremony was performed by the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven

H.M.S. "INDEFATIGABLE" IN THE WATER AFTER THE LAUNCH: A good impression of the hull of the new vessel before the work of fitting her out was undertaken. The holes in her deck are for the lifts to the aircraft hangars below

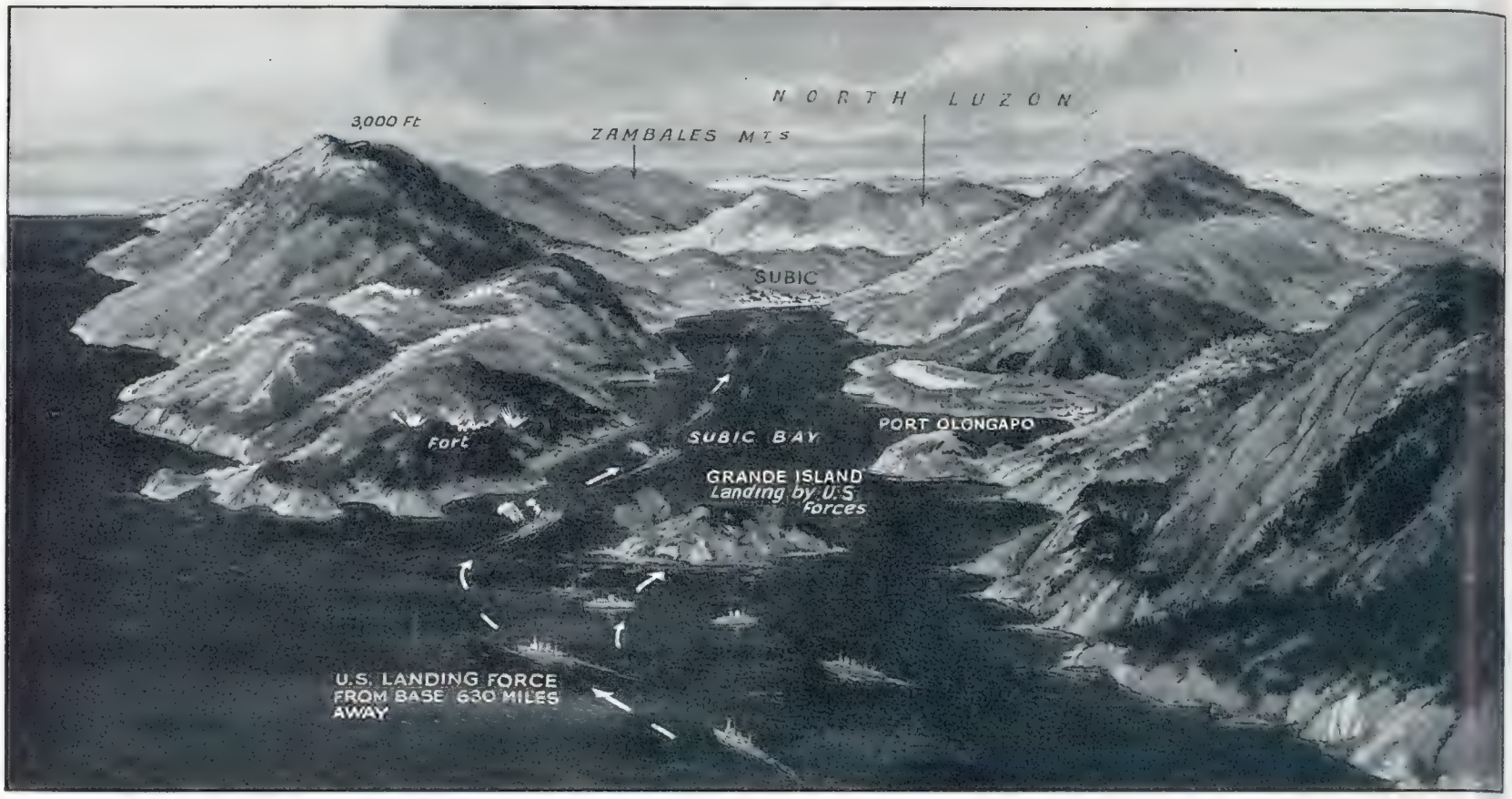
H.M.S. *Indefatigable* is Britain's biggest, fastest and most modern aircraft-carrier. Built at John Brown's, Clydebank, she was launched by the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, mother of Admiral Mountbatten (who himself attended the ceremony).

Indefatigable is an improved type of Illustrious class. The details of her armament and aircraft-carrying capacity have not been disclosed. Her displacement is in the neighbourhood of 30,000 tons, and her complement is approximately 2,000 officers and men. Her four engines, each driving an independent shaft and propeller, combine a total of over 150,000 horse-power, and are capable of raising a speed of considerably more than 30 knots. She is the first four-screw aircraft-carrier in the Navy.

Accommodation for the ship's company is the most modern in the Navy. There is hot and cold water in each mess, which also has its own wireless and electric heater. Many of the messes have bunks and cushioned seats, and there are plenty of bathrooms and shower-baths. In all, there are a dozen mess spaces, and 170 mess tables are distributed among the 73 messes. The distribution of the ship's company has been so arranged that every man is as near his action station as possible, valuable time thus being saved in an emergency. The ship has all-electric galleys, the four ovens in the bakery having a total capacity of 600 lbs., and nearly 2,000 lbs. of bread are issued every day to the ship's company alone. The sick bay, relatively small but compact, contains all the latest equipment, including sunlight lamps. Facilities are available for anything from a leg amputation to a cranial operation. There is a dispensary, isolation ward, officers' ward, operating theatre and a main ward, all well lighted and ventilated. The medical staff comprises four doctors and ten sick berth attendants.



A BOW-ON VIEW FROM THE STARBOARD SIDE: With a displacement of some 30,000 tons, "Indefatigable" has a length of 760 ft. and a beam of 95 ft. 9 ins.; her speed is 32 knots, and she has a complement of 2,000. She was laid down in 1939, as one of three vessels of the Indomitable class, and was due for completion in 1943. Her main armament consists of sixteen 4·5-in. dual-purpose guns: the number of aircraft carried aboard has not been reported



THE INVASION OF SUBIC BAY IN LUZON AND THE CAPTURE OF THE JAP NAVAL BASE OF OLONGAPO, TO THE NORTH-WEST OF MANILA. By this means the enemy forces around the Philippine capital were denied access to the Bataan Peninsula for a "last stand"—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Subic Bay lies on the west coast of the island of Luzon, north-west of Manila: in the Bay is the base of Port Olongapo, which had been used by the Japanese Navy. Stretching away to the south (extreme right of drawing) runs the Bataan Peninsula, where the Americans made their great stand under General MacArthur in 1942. On January 31, it was announced from New York that American forces had invaded Grande Island, which lies at the entrance to the Bay, and that the naval base of Olongapo had been captured.

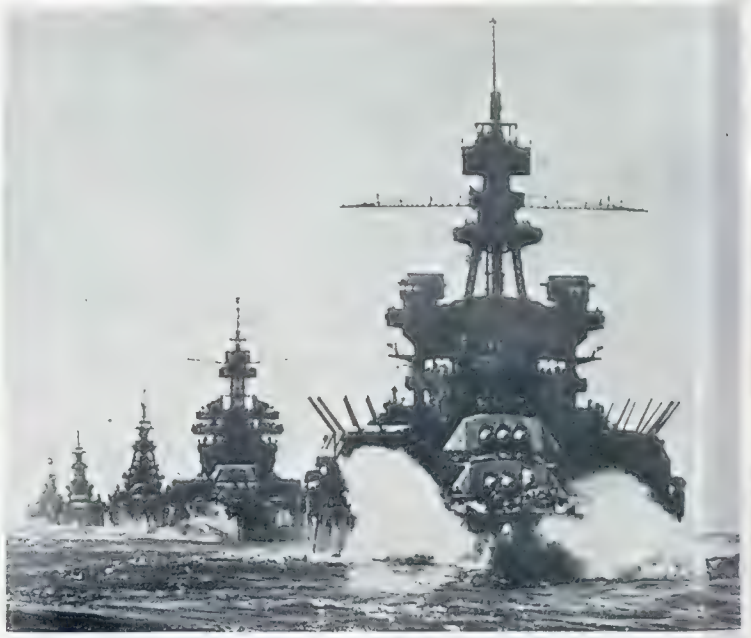
No opposition of any kind was offered by the Japs; and the Island, which dominates the entire Bay, was soon firmly in American hands. The excellent anchorage at Olongapo—one of America's most important naval sites before the war—is already in use again by U.S. forces, and is being developed as a naval base for further operations against the Japs.

By cutting across from Subic Bay towards Manila, Japanese hopes of staging a second "Bataan" on the 1942 lines of the Americans were prevented from realisation. It has since been stated that this area had only lightly been held by the Japanese since they obtained possession of it in 1942.

THE SECOND DRIVE INTO LUZON

The Landing of American Forces on Grande Island, in Subic Bay

DIRECTING THE ATTACK ON LUZON: Vice-Admiral Kinkaid, who commanded the U.S. Seventh Fleet during the Invasion of Luzon at Lingayen Bay on January 9



HOW THE U.S. NAVY WENT INTO LINGAYEN BAY: Battleships of the Seventh Fleet move in formation into the Bay for a bombardment of enemy installations on the coast prior to the landings of the Invasion army

***On right*—HOW THE AMERICAN FORCES ENTERED SUBIC BAY: A big aircraft-carrier and troop-carrying landing craft heading for Grande Island—**
Drawing by Wm. McDowell

The carrier is one of the new Essex class, of which seventeen or more have been built since the beginning of the war. She is a vessel of some 27,000 tons displacement, has a speed of 35 knots and can carry about 100 aircraft. The landing craft are a new type of medium ship first used for the invasion of Leyte and of a special design for just this type of operation. As the Fleet went in, cruisers and destroyers of the convoy stood by ready to bombard the coast if it should prove to be necessary, but they did not have to fire a single shot. The total convoy employed consisted of 150 ships: it came from Leyte, and despite its long voyage through more than half the length of the Philippine archipelago not a single enemy aeroplane or ship was sighted by the invaders

BEFORE THE CAPTURE BY THE AMERICANS OF THE CAVITE NAVAL BASE AT MANILA, U.S. NAVY TORPEDO-BOMBERS STRIKE AT THE SHIPPING IN CAVITE HARBOUR. Cavite was recaptured by the Eleventh Airborne Division on February 13 : it lies several miles to the south-west of the Philippine capital. Ten Japanese seaplanes and a battery of 3-in. guns were captured intact. Just before this, Army and Navy planes had carried out attacks on enemy positions and shipping in the harbour, and this picture was taken as an Avenger torpedo-bomber was leading a squadron of carrier-based aircraft in one of the many "strikes" at this area

THE LANDING OF REINFORCEMENTS ON LUZON AFTER THE INVASION OF LINGAYEN BAY. Landing craft, loaded with troops and supplies, are coming ashore on the beach at Biumaley, in the northern part of the island. The dredging machine seen in the centre is clearing the way so that men and vehicles can move inland more rapidly, to join in the advance towards Manila. The landing at Lingayen Bay was made on January 9, and was followed by the invasion of the Subic Bay area (see *facing page*) on January 31

SUPER-FORTRESSES OVER THE HEART OF TOKYO: THE JAPANESE CAPITAL IS NOW BEING SUBJECTED TO REGULAR BOMBING ATTACKS BY AMERICAN HEAVIES COMING FROM THE ISLAND OF SAIPAN, IN THE MARIANAS. But not all of Tokyo is as vulnerable to air attack as many people think; because, of recent years, the industrial and commercial centres have been built up in big concrete blocks which are capable of strong resistance to attack—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (see notes at left)

FLYING AGAINST JAPAN

Recent Operations in the Pacific, Burma and Sumatra

Where Allied Aircraft have been Striking Hard at the Enemy

The Jap capital, for so long regarded as remote from the terrors of war, is now being subjected to continuous bombing by Super-Fortresses flying from the new air base in Saipan, in the Marianas. On one day recently, no fewer than four attacks by American aircraft were reported by the Japs. This news came shortly after an announcement of a new evacuation from the threatened capital.

Yet it must not be assumed (as was the current impression at the opening of the war with Japan) that Tokyo is unprepared to withstand bombing: in fact, it has been stated from Washington that the city could remain operative even against raids as heavy as those suffered by Cologne and Berlin. "The rather general American impression that Tokyo is a 'tinder-box city' which could be destroyed by incendiary bombs is one of the most inaccurate of popular fallacies," an official statement proclaimed recently.

The centre of the city has been planned during modern times on very up-to-date lines, with big buildings designed to withstand earthquakes or large conflagrations. Certain portions, it is true, are amongst the most densely crowded in the world; and it is from such areas that evacuation has probably been made. But the administrative centres in the city are strong concrete and steel erections capable of withstanding much heavy bombing.

THE CITY OF TOKYO—WITH ITS RECENTLY-FORMED FIRE-BREAKS. This is how the capital of Japan appears to an American pilot over the city's heart. In the centre is the Honjo sector, broken by its wartime fire-breaks—block-wide strips from which all the buildings have been cleared. In the top left is the Naka River, dredged and embanked and with a new super-highway bridge under construction. Below the Sumida River at the lower left is the Asakusa section of Tokyo, the densest region of all, where 135,000 persons live to the square mile

WHERE THE ALLIED ARMIES ARE FIGHTING AGAINST THE JAPS IN BURMA: A BRITISH BEAUFIGHTER STRAFING AN ENEMY TRAIN ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION NEAR ZINGYAIK. Continued bombardment by British and American aircraft has been one of the major factors in forcing Japanese withdrawals from many important bases during recent weeks on the Fourteenth Army's fronts. As the land forces have advanced, so Allied aircraft have been striking just behind the Jap lines, and farther afield—along the lines of supply. Attacks such as the one illustrated here have been taking place over a very wide area. Not only railway lines, but also river transport, have been disorganised as a result of such assaults—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

NAVAL AIRCRAFT OF THE BRITISH EAST INDIES FLEET ATTACKING THE JAP OIL SUPPLIES IN SUMATRA: AVENGERS FROM FOUR BRITISH CARRIERS DELIVERING ONE OF THEIR BLOWS in the biggest attack yet carried out in the Dutch East Indies—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Naval aircraft of the British East Indies Fleet have delivered a series of blows against the Japanese-controlled oil refineries in Sumatra, in the Dutch East Indies. It is estimated that these will cut Japan's supplies of aviation spirit by 75 per cent. The planes which carried out the operations came from the largest concentration of big fleet carriers used in any series of British operations. Four carriers—*Illustrious*, *Indefatigable*, *Indomitable* and *Victorious*—were used. In support were the battleship *King George V.*, the cruisers *Argonaut*, *Black Prince* and *Euryalus*, and the destroyers *Grenville*, *Kempenfelt* and *Ursa*. In command was Rear-Admiral Sir Philip Vian. Our Avengers, with strong fighter escort, including Fireflies, bombing from above and dive-bombing through the balloon barrage, scored direct hits on the oil distilleries, and hit or damaged many other buildings. This attack involved a long flight over enemy-occupied territory. The striking force was intercepted by Japanese fighters some miles short of the target. In the ensuing fighting, 13 twin- and single-engine enemy fighters were shot down and six were probably shot down

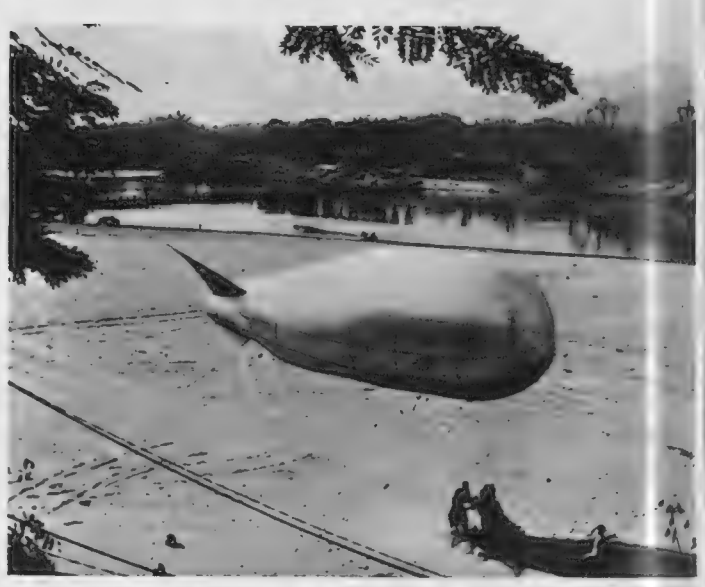
NEW PICTURES FROM BURMA

Taken during the Operations along the Chindwin and Irrawaddy Rivers, and in the Arakan

"DUCKS" IN BURMA TAKE SUPPLIES DOWN THE CHINDWIN TO FORWARD BRITISH TROOPS: The amphibious craft leave the "beach" and set off downstream with supplies and reinforcements. Note the great width of the river at this point

A SIGNALLER DIRECTS THE FLEET BY SEMAPHORE DURING THE VOYAGE. Control of the Chindwin has enabled quick methods of supply to be adopted during the present British drive on the great Burmese city of Mandalay, the former capital

HOW THE BRITISH COMMANDOS LEFT THE PORT OF AKYAB FOR THE LANDING ON MYEBON: Sherman tanks are here seen being embarked on landing craft for the invasion of the Peninsula. They were manned by members of an Indian cavalry regiment who supported the Commandos during the landing in the Arakan



THE FIRST BALLOON BARRAGE TO BE FLOWN IN BURMA: This is operated by No. 2 Mobile Balloon Flight. It is being used to guard the Bailey Bridge over the Chindwin River near Kalewa—the longest pontoon bridge ever built in any theatre of war. The balloons are of the "naval" type, as flown by ships at sea, and not of the "London" type

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT DROP SUPPLIES TO BRITISH SOLDIERS IN BURMA BY PARACHUTE: In their advance down the great Irrawaddy Valley to Mandalay, troops of the British Thirty-Sixth Division pushed forward from the river port of Katha to occupy the town of Tigyiang, which is also on the Irrawaddy 42 miles to the south of Katha. In order to ensure them the necessary supplies for a speedy advance, American aircraft dropped equipment and stores by parachute at spots designated in clearings along the river banks, in the manner shown in the picture reproduced here

THE LIBERATION OF A BURMESE VILLAGE

AFTER THE LITTLE TOWN OF CHANTHA HAD BEEN FINALLY CLEARED OF THE JAPS : Native women and children outside the church after the service conducted by a British padre. On the Yeu Canal in mid-Burma, not far from the railhead town of Yeu, is the village of Chantha—which has just come back to peace and happiness after a long and weary occupation by the Japs. British troops finally entered the place on January 4, 1945, and were met by a population of Burmese, Anglo-Burmese and Anglo-Indians, who were overjoyed at their liberation. Deceived by rumour (probably inspired by the Japs), the villagers had made premature arrangements for the welcoming of the Allies. The Mother Superior of the Convent had organised evacuees in the making of Union Jacks, and greetings had been arranged for December 18. But the Japanese came instead—in force. Entering the church during a Thanksgiving Service, they took the priest, Mother Superior and several nuns captive. From that day until the real liberation, no church service was held at Chantha. On the arrival of the British, the padre held a service in which soldiers and villagers alike took part

THE CHURCH AT CHANTHA, AND THE VILLAGE SQUARE, crowded with Burmese. The town was freed by the British on January 4 after a long and oppressive occupation by the Japanese

On left—**ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER MU NEAR CHANTHA a Lee tank waits to cross over to prepare for the next thrust into the fertile plains north of Mandalay where, for the first time in Burma, heavy armour can now be used in strength : *On right*—LEE TANKS, BREN-CARRIERS AND JEEPS CROSS THE RIVER. When the bridgehead on the far bank was established, the way was opened for a new line of advance by the Allies towards Mandalay**

SUPPLIES FOR THE ARAKAN FRONT : A 25-pounder gun and a jeep being floated downstream on a raft. This picture was taken when British gunners, together with a platoon of the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment and Madrassi Sappers and Miners of an Indian Field Company, were loading equipment and supplies on to rafts and sampans to be floated down the Kalapanzin River. They were intended for troops of the 15th Indian Corps advancing down the Mayu Peninsula from Buthidaung

NEAR THE LITTLE TOWN OF CHANTHA there is also a Bailey Bridge crossing the River Mu. Swelling the tide of Allied force, supplies and armour are now being built up across it for the coming blow at Mandalay

The MEDIUM BOMBERS

A Full Report from the Field of Their Work in Support of the Land Armies

By CHARLES GRAVES

(Now in Belgium as the Sphere's Special Correspondent)

ON AN AIRFIELD OF THE R.A.F. SECOND TACTICAL AIR FORCE IN BELGIUM: A Mitchell medium bomber is prepared for flight during a blizzard. Despite the snow and frosts of recent weeks, the mediums never ceased to pound the enemy's supply lines and communications whenever visibility permitted. It may be that many people in this country have not fully appreciated the great work done by the Mitchells, Mosquitoes and Bostons in support of the Army: Mr. Graves' article—the first of a series actually written in the Field during the course of a special mission to Belgium—details their wonderful achievements during the course of the campaign on the Western Front

—IN THE FIELD, BELGIUM, FEBRUARY 1945

LONDONERS and Southern Englanders generally have no idea what they owe to the extraordinary precision with which medium bombers of the Royal Air Force destroyed the V 1 sites in the Pas de Calais and elsewhere. I have seen the relative figures of the tonnage dropped, the sorties flown and the number of suspensions of V 1 sites—and it shows that the mediums were not only the most successful, but also used fewer bombs. In the new offensive, as well as from D-Day up to the Ardennes break-through, the accuracy of the medium bombers—Mitchells, Mosquitoes and Bostons—has been a godsend to the Army. And the Army is not backward in showing its thanks, as a letter from General Ritchie to the A.O.C. Mediums shows very clearly. The truth of the matter is, that fighter bombers are a wonderful instrument against certain targets such as communications and isolated motor transport when using their cannons; similarly, rocket-firing Typhoons are grand against tanks, but their usefulness as bombers is far less. They simply do not, and cannot, have the accuracy or the weight of mediums, which fly straight and level on their run-in instead of diving down steeply, releasing their bombs and climbing straight again. From December 1943 to May 1944, a group of mediums flew nearly 5,000 sorties at a cost of 41 aircraft and 120 aircrew. During that period they suspended 45 per cent. of the V 1 sites destroyed.

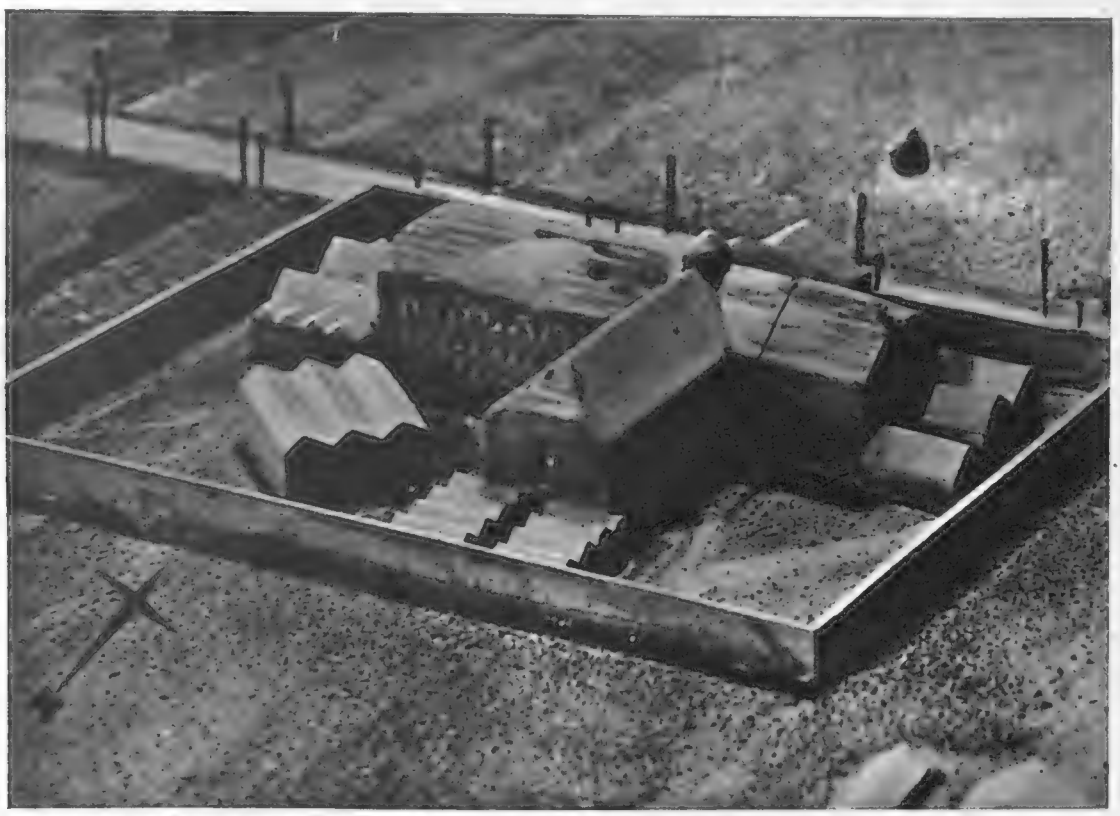
Targets about 500 yards in diameter are ideal for aircraft like Mitchells and Bostons. They can neutralise them completely without causing the huge craters created by heavy bombers. What is more, they are so precise that they can drop their load within 500 yards of our infantry, compared with the very much greater safety zone necessary when heavies go on the same kind of job. Bombing by mediums is an almost instantaneous affair. The aircraft fly in multiples of six, and all drop their load simultaneously on the order of the "box" leader. To do this effectively, of course, they have to fly in very close formation—wing-tip to wing-tip. The actual bombs are nearly always 500-pounders or 1,000-pounders, and can destroy the enemy when dug into positions which are practically invulnerable to shell-fire and rockets.

Another advantage of the Bostons, Mosquitoes and Mitchells is that they can be diverted—when already airborne—from one target to another, as opportunity arises. A perfect example of this was during the Falaise Gap period, when a number of mediums were diverted to Rouen on enemy transport. Apart from the 1,400 vehicles destroyed and the German troops blown to bits, over 6,000 Germans were buried as a result of this devastating attack.

Mediums usually fly at more than 7,000 ft., which is the limit of German light flak, and at less than 17,000 ft. Taking the average as being 10,000 ft., here is a fascinating series of statistics showing how the slightest error can cause bombs to go astray. If the aircraft is flying at, let us say, 250 miles per hour, a two-degree tilt of the Mitchell's right wing will cause the bombs to fall 111 yards to the left; if the Mitchell's nose is pointing two degrees too high or too low, the bombs will drop 200 yards too far ahead or too short of the target; if the aircraft is flying five miles an hour slower or faster than it should, the bombs will fall 60 yards short or beyond the target. Those are all errors of the pilot. Apart from this there is the possibility of errors caused by instruments, temperature and computation, as well as by an incorrect adjustment of the bombsight. The present type, incidentally, is much handier and more fool-proof than any other sight in the world, bar none, otherwise it would have been impossible to flatten the steel works at Caen without injuring our troops held up 500 yards away; or to destroy three vital bridges during the break-through, in spite of the weather being tricky and, in one case, ten-tenths cloud.

The low-level Mosquitoes are no less accurate, although they use an entirely different technique without a bombsight. Flying low and straight at the target, the pilot releases the bombs just as he pulls up over the objective, "firing from the hip," as it were, and his intensive training and skill have been of proved excellence in the flattening of the Gestapo Headquarters at Aarhus, in Denmark, where 160 Gestapo men and 30 Danish informers were killed outright, with only one civilian casualty, although the target was in a built-up area; in the pinpoint bombing of the prison at Amiens, as a result of which 157 partisans condemned to death were able to escape and 60 German troops were killed. (That was the occasion when Group-Captain Pickard, of *Target for To-night*, was lost on the return home.)

The mediums naturally have casualties, like anyone else out here on the Continent. A formation of mediums had no fewer than twenty-seven aircraft damaged by flak on a single sortie. On the other hand, only one failed to return. Mitchells are sturdy aircraft and carry a 4,000-pound bomb-load. Bostons and Mosquitoes carry half this weight; the latter usually attack at zero feet, which makes accurate navigation absolutely vital. Identification of the target is equally essential, and to achieve this a special model-making department under the control of a former architect is always hard at work co-ordinating information from maps, stereo photographs and special "Gen" from Intelligence, and then reproducing it in cardboard contour layers.



THE SPECIALLY-PREPARED MODELS FROM WHICH THE MEDIUM-BOMBER CREWS ARE BRIEFED: The method of construction of these is described in the accompanying article: the models are made with extraordinary exactness, and are full of just those details which the pilots need to know. This one shows the prison at Amiens, which was bombed by Mosquitoes of the Second Tactical Air Force on February 18, 1944. More than 100 French Patriots, prisoners of the Gestapo, condemned to death for assisting the Allies, were enabled to escape as a result of the bombing and the breaching of the prison walls carried out by the mediums

WHAT THE BOMBER PILOT SEES FROM THE AIR WHEN FLYING AT NOUGHT FEET: On a bombing mission, the medium would normally be flying at a greater height—and in formation with other aircraft. Nevertheless, this is the sort of target the medium bombers would be seeking—a long and vulnerable column of transport on the move. But, in this case, the column is an Allied one: it consists of British and Canadian armour and lorries moving into battle south-east of Nijmegen at the opening of Field-Marshal Montgomery's new offensive against the Germans on February 8

on a boxboard, the contour lines being enlarged from the map by optical projection. The "steps" between the cardboard contour layers are modelled in a mixture of lavatory paper, plaster of Paris and size (glue), which is nicknamed "jollop," thus giving a scale representation of the actual land surface.

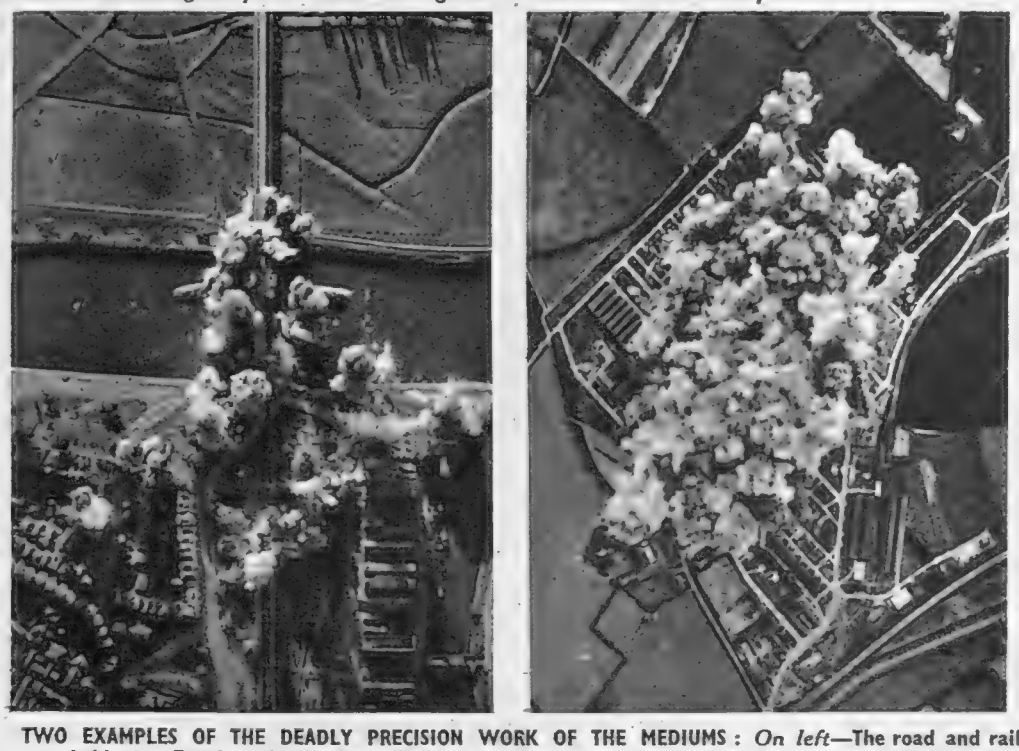
An alternative method is to use sheets of wax for the contour layers. These are built up and welded together with hot irons, after which the "steps" are scraped down. From this original, a plaster mould is made, copies of which can be made in the form of plaster casts. The next stage is surface detail, which is plotted by the application of a photographic "skin"—in other words, a vertical air photograph enlarged to the scale of the model. This "skin" is pasted on to the land form and stained with appropriate ground colour, after which the roads and railways are painted on. The final process is the application of topographical detail carefully made to scale and based on stereo photographs. Heights are calculated by using the shadow factor, which gives the ratio between heights of objects (such as houses) and the length of their shadows according to the position of the sun at the time of the photograph being taken. This has to be exceedingly accurate when the target is in a built-up area, and it seems incredible that photographic interpreters can tell the height of a house to a matter of inches from a photograph taken at a height of 20,000 ft. or more. As it is, the accuracy is so great that when the representation of the houses and trees (represented in wood, plaster, linoleum or coloured sawdust, respectively) has been added to the model, the R.A.F. officer briefing the aircrews for the job can tell almost immediately which is the best line of approach to a single building in a large town which he has never seen in all his life. These models, incidentally, are done in units of two square feet.

Among the brilliant exploits of the mediums in the past few months were the wiping out of a Panzer Headquarters when the General and the whole of his staff were killed; the blanketing of petrol, oil and lubrication dumps at Montreuil-Belfort; the destruction of the bridges at Roermond, Hedel and Zutphen. They have supported not only the British and Canadian Armies in their advance to the Rhine, but also the First and Ninth American Armies in the battle of the Ardennes. Actually, over 22,000 sorties were flown in the last six months of 1944 alone by one medium group.

This would, of course, be impossible if it were not for the ground crews. They are on their toes the whole time and reckon to be able to complete the "turn round" of a Mitchell bomber in two hours. The phrase is taken from the Road Passenger Transport Companies for an omnibus at the end of its run and before it starts back again. On one spectacular occasion a single wing of Mosquitoes has flown 105 sorties between dusk and dawn in harassing attacks on enemy night movement—probably a record for the number of aircraft to leave any airfield on night operations. When you consider the bomb-load it seems scarcely possible, but one "box" of six aircraft actually flew four times in a single day, while others which had flown three times in daylight went up again at night.

Weather naturally cuts down flying time, but in spite of this, in one good spell, some aircrews have completed their tour and were duly screened (given a change from operations) in six weeks. Weather has always been, and continues to be, the bugbear of all flying personnel. It is felt in many circles that there is room for improvement in the application of the information, the speed of the communications used and in the presentation of the met picture to the people who fly. It may, in fact, be true to say that the science of meteorology has not quite kept in step with advances in other departments of aviation—for instance, the great progress in the ability to fly in bad weather, flying by the use of improved flying instruments inside the aircraft and vastly better outside aids. Now that aircraft are able to fly in bad weather much more exact forecasts are required. Which brings me to the point that the Allied High Command does not seem to conduct its strategy or tactics according to weather forecasts. This is in spite of the fact that the British have not won a single decisive battle without air support.

To revert, however, to the mediums, the weather is a very big factor with which to contend. Accuracy in hitting their target from heights of 10,000 ft. and over as tactical operations is all the more important when vital areas have to be flattened exactly at the right moment for the infantry 500 yards away to rush in while the enemy are still dazed.



TWO EXAMPLES OF THE DEADLY PRECISION WORK OF THE MEDIUMS: *On left*—The road and rail bridge at Zutphen, in Northern Holland—an important link in the German supply line—is hit. *On right*—The attack by Bostons and Mitchells on the ammunition dump at Montreuil-Belfort, east of Nantes. Both attacks were made in daylight, the former on October 14, 1944, and the latter on August 2, 1944. Both are referred to by Mr. Graves in his article

WHAT CAN BE DONE EVEN WHEN THE BOMBERS ARE "BLIND": The targets assigned to the group of Marauders on this occasion consisted of bridges, roads, railroads and other supply and communication points of importance to the Germans behind the line. With adverse weather conditions, the American pilots were compelled to bomb blind, through 10-10ths cloud cover. This picture shows the surprising accuracy of the attack. Bombing by the use of scientific instruments has enabled the medium and light bombers to operate in weather which otherwise would have kept them grounded

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

"IRON SHUTTERS."—Apsley House—No. 1, London—may end its existence as a London Museum, like Stafford House.

If there is a limit to the number of museums a great city can afford, at least Apsley House has a greater claim than Stafford. One of the "little pictures" which remain vivid in my memory is of a spring day in London about 1893, when I drove past Apsley House in a hansom with my mother, and she pointed out to me the iron shutters before the windows on the Piccadilly front and told me the story of why they were fitted there. How the Great Duke, who saved Europe in the Peninsula and on the field of Waterloo, had afterwards "gone into politics," and how unpopular his Toryism had made him in days when politics were exceedingly bitter, and how the London mob had one day thrown stones at the unprotected windows behind which his poor Duchess lay dead. And how, later on, when he regained his popularity, the same fickle crowd cheered him to the echo as he rode home from Constitution Hill, and how he received their applause with a shrug of his shoulders and pointed to the iron shutters which he had since set up over his windows. She told the story well. I dare say it *had* some basis in fact, albeit much of accepted history is but legend grown and concreted into "true fact." I learned afterwards that he did not always appreciate the merits of his poor Kitty. I do not doubt that life taught him not to value too highly the applause, and not to set much store by the catcalls, of a London mob. Be that as it may, I hope those iron shutters are still available to form part of the new museum exhibits (with the Waterloo Despatches and other priceless treasures), because those shutters are a great lesson for the learning of fickle mobs and of saviours of their country.

"Big Three."—The Great Duke had more than thirty years of active life after he beat "Boney" at Waterloo. Pitt, whose share in saving his country was as large, died before the job was done. Churchill was past seventy when he knew at last that victory and salvation were assured.

All three—the one who refused to retire on his laurels, the one who was taken away before his laurel wreath was fashioned and the one who may or may not retire on his famous laurels—all learned the significance of "iron shutters" before their jobs were done. All had good grounds for calling popular esteem and popular catcalls "two impostors," and for taking a cynical view of public memory and gratitude. Wellington in the Peninsula was more often trounced at home than praised or supported at the front; more often trounced by the English than by the French. Pitt, at his finest hour, was more unpopular than Fox, the pacifist, ever was; and Churchill in the Commons in 1945 (of which a few weeks only have gone by) already has a hint—if hint an historian needs—how soon, how very soon, after the acute stage of national danger passes, the public dog will bite the hand that fed it.

What is common to these three Big Men, besides vision, patriotism, energy, courage, sense of duty and great competence?

Toryism? Yes, I suppose all three were Tories of their day, great upholders of our traditions. And a certain truculence and refusal to explain the reasons for their actions and decisions, which are undoubtedly bred of a growing contempt for the fickleness and littleness of lesser men.

It is as if all three despised in their hearts the "Democracy" they served, felt they were playing a lone hand to preserve (with something in which all their faith and devotion were centred) something in which they did not really believe, or, at any rate, did not much venerate in the stage to which it had advanced in their day.

That war sets free the forces of the Left and lends wing to revolutionary movements is proved by all history and by current events. A post-war Tory is an obvious Aunt Sally. The mass sufferings which war brings increase with every war; and with every war the masses ask a bigger post-war fee for their sacrifices. And that is perhaps a *good thing*. For one day the masses may decide that no price, however fantastic in their imagination, can be worth the sacrifices they are called on to make; and then they may amend their lives and political institutions so as to prevent the mass insanity of wars.

A Digression.—Digressing a little, I record that, as one who has in his life done many foolish, and not a few contemptible, actions, I have as good reason as any man to believe in divine mercy, if not so surely in divine purpose. But these last few weeks of rigorous winter helped to convince me of the latter also. This cold weather has, as I believe and have already said elsewhere, been sent by Providence to give mankind a last chance to learn the great lesson—that war is a crime against God and Reason; and that, if civilisation is to survive, all mankind must now, at this eleventh hour, firmly resolve to amend their lives and so to live and so to adjust their political institutions that another such war can be prevented by being dammed at the source. All nations have suffered by this apt visitation. Our own discomforts, which would be serious afflictions in normal times, are, of course, trivial in comparison with Germany's. What Germany is suffering to-day at least challenges comparison with what she has inflicted on many European nations, and it is difficult to believe that the winter of 1945 will not be seared on her memory for many years to come, and may persuade her people that war does not "pay," even an apparently "quick and easy" war; that there *is* a God who judges the Earth, and that that God ordains that men shall use their reason and live their lives "better than sheep or goats." I am always trounced for suggesting that God's judgment may be shrewder and more effective than the best which men can devise. But I stick to it; and this "cold snap" confirms me in my "folly." (Those Prussian evacuees—those open cattle-trucks—those below zero, open-air evacuee camps in Pomerania and Brandenburg—poetic, if not divine, justice.)

OLIVER TWIST AND THE WICKED (and somewhat over-dressed) FAGIN, in the play given in London on the novelist's birthday: Charles Dickens was born on February 7, 1812: in celebration of his birthday, each year a band of enthusiastic amateurs known as the Tabard Players perform a dramatic version of one of his works in the courtyard of the George Inn in Southwark—one of the few remaining galleried hostelries—in a neighbourhood well known to the great novelist. This year the play was *Oliver Twist*: the name part was taken by ten-year-old Dicky Thurbin (who is a pupil at the Charles Dickens School in Lant Street in the Borough), and Mr. Ross Barrington took the part of Fagin. A considerable audience, including a large number of children, witnessed the performance

. . . and a Justification.—To return: It is not, of course, Tories alone who have cause to fall back on "iron shutters," and to despise the gratitude of peoples they have saved and the fickleness of mobs. History can produce many a reformer who, applauded to the echo as his labours progressed, died in poverty, neglect, scorn or ridicule; and some who never knew an hour of praise or tasted even ephemeral popularity, whose selfless labours were only appreciated long after their bones were dust.

But—and this is the excuse for my digression, which indeed needs justification—it is not Iron Dukes, Iron Chancellors or Iron Premiers, individual leaders and saviours in time of danger, for whom alone "iron shutters" are a useful reminder of mob fickleness and of the shortness of human memory. Obviously, the shutters have two sides, to be seen by the one within and by the crowd without.

And, as it seems to me, this iron winter of 1945 was sent to the nations of Europe to be their iron shutters. To remind them constantly of the shortness of human memory, and the frailty of human resolve; to remind them how soon, how very soon, the star they follow, the leader who guides them, be that leader a man or an ideal, a premier or a promise of amendment, a great Marshal or a great Renaissance, is forgotten, neglected, scorned or stoned, when the danger passes and the alluring lights go up again. This winter more people than ever before learned the price of civic selfishness and civic inertia, the price of betrayal of Christian morality. More than half civilisation must have learned that no price for the sacrifices of war which men can dream of, and certainly no price which Governments can pay, can ever compensate for the miseries and losses which war brings.

But memory is short. Peace and summer will come round at last again. The iron shutters must remain on their hinges.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

EMMA (St. James's).—Jane Austen's *Emma* has been a classic for nearly a century and a half, so the less I say about much of it having bored me when I read it the better. But it is doubtful whether even the most enthusiastic Austenites will enthuse over this attempt to make a play of it. Mr. Gordon Glennon has probably done all that is humanly possible with the job. There is, however, simply no dramatic value. Men and women walk about gracefully in the picturesque costumes of 1815 and talk (mostly the women) about trivial love-affairs, proposals of marriage and Society gossip generally. The play—if one can call it a play—got a bit better as the evening wore on, but the evening was unquestionably wearing. The *decor* was immaculate, and I immensely liked Miss Anna Neagle as Emma, though she is not Jane's Emma. Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts managed to stir things up a bit, and Miss Gillian Lind raised some laughs as a chatterbox. All the men were good.

Macbeth (Winter Garden).—Mr. Donald Wolfit has for some years been doing such excellent work in, and for, Shakespeare that I am glad it is at last being fully recognised that he is a Shakespearean actor of genius. His King Lear was one of the theatrical sensations of last year, and his Macbeth, which he has just given for the first time in London, I thought superb. His tragic understanding, his ability to give great poetry its full value and his *virility* are among his main qualities. His supporting company is pretty good on the whole. It has a newcomer in Miss Patricia Jessel, who played Lady Macbeth with dignity if without sufficient villainy. But in the sleep-walking scene she sacrificed the former by suggesting she had had too many Cawdor cocktails. In order to portray somnambulism, it is surely unnecessary to pretend to be intoxicated.

Victoria Palace.—Variety is returning to London. Most welcome is the reopening of the Victoria Palace for its old job (it used to be the Standard Music-Hall, Pimlico, in Victorian days). Messrs. Jack Hylton and Lupino Lane have provided a really strong bill, with Flanagan and Allen at the top of it. Bud Flanagan is a grand comedian, with nothing suggestive about his fun. Teddy Brown was immense in every sense; it cannot be easy to be funny with a xylophone. Rather too much crooning from Adelaide Hall.

Aurora's Wedding (Princes).—The International Ballet marked a brilliantly and very deservedly successful season by, for them, a new production. Tchaikovsky's famous work, which used to be so familiar at Covent Garden, has been adapted for a smaller (but by no means meagre) orchestra by Mr. Ernest Irving. Miss Doris Zinkeisen's costumes and *decor* are first-rate, and, most important of all, so is the dancing, with Miss Mona Inglesby dancing brilliantly as Aurora. A perfect performance in miniature by Miss Gladys Walton as Little Red Riding Hood.

GERMANY: COLLECTION-TIME IN BERLIN. With more and more members of the Volkssturm being directed to the front line, the German authorities are experiencing an ever-increasing strain on their stocks of army equipment and clothing. In a desperate attempt to overcome this, street-to-street collection depots, called the Volksopfer (or "Sacrifice of the People"), are scouring the Reich, collecting uniforms, boots and equipment from German civilians. Here Berliners are seen bringing their contributions: the van bears the inscription—"The Führer expects your sacrifice for Army and Home Guard." The verse below reads—"So that you're proud your Home Guard can show himself in uniform, empty your wardrobe and bring its contents to us"

From MANY QUARTERS of the GLOBE

"GERMAN TROOPS TAKE OVER GUARD IN A RECONQUERED TOWN ON THE WEST FRONT": The name of the town is not given by the Germans; there are very few "reconquered" towns which still remain in enemy hands in France, Belgium or Holland! In the picture, the German grenadier is stated to be watching the street from a specially-prepared position: his "panzer schreck" (or "tank horror") is ready at his side for "possible surprise attacks by the Americans"

ITALY: AN R.A.F. BILLET IN A MONASTERY. Three of the monks watch a game of shove-ha'penny in the airmen's recreation-room. Airmen of a Signals Unit of the Balkan Air Force are now billeted in a picturesque, sixteenth-century monastery in Eastern Italy. They have grown very friendly with the bearded and brown-cloaked Capuchin monks still living there: the orderly-room corporal has stated that "the monks invite us into their common-room on most evenings and let us sample the excellence of their cellar"

GREECE: HOW THE R.A.F. SUPPLIED BRITISH PRISONERS OF E.L.A.S. Returned R.A.F. and Army men who spent many weeks in captivity in E.L.A.S. territory all pay tribute to the work of the R.A.F. supply-dropping aircraft. Wellingtons, Beaufighters, Spitfires and Halifaxes all lent a hand at one time or another, and hundreds of blankets, as well as tons of food, were dropped to the prisoners. This photograph was taken from an R.A.F. Wellington at Kifisikhori. The prisoners may be seen near the white building on the right. In the left centre, a white "T" has been marked in stones on the ground, and above it "Fags" and "News." On this occasion, the crew searched their pockets for packets of cigarettes. The wireless operator listened to the B.B.C. bulletin and scribbled its contents on a piece of paper. They dropped the lot and were able to see the men on the ground placing the stones into the word "Thanks" as they left

ENGLAND: THE FIRST COLOURED W.A.C.s to arrive in any theatre of war get off the train. The First U.S. Army Postal Unit, composed entirely of members of the Women's Army Corps, has arrived in the United Kingdom. It will be stationed somewhere on the Continent, where it will handle the Army Postal Directory Service for the entire European theatre of operations. The U.S. Postal Directory at present changes daily an average of 30,000 addresses of American soldiers who are battle casualties, reinforcements or transfers. The battalion is composed of 24 Negro W.A.C. officers and 677 Negro enlisted women. They were met on arrival in the European theatre of operations by Brigadier-General Benjamin O. Davis (the first coloured American to attain his high rank in the U.S. Army), representing Lieut.-General John C. H. Lee, commanding officer, and other American men and women officers

EAST AFRICA: THE WORK OF A MOBILE PROPAGANDA UNIT. In the last 2½ years, a small Army Unit has been touring the highways and byways of East Africa, and has done great work in stirring the imagination of Africans and directing their thoughts towards the possibilities of racial advancement. In this time, the Mobile Propaganda Unit of East Africa Command has travelled nearly 60,000 miles and given its message to more than 750,000 people. The Unit sets out to show the civilian native how his askari brother was trained for the victories against the Japanese in Burma, and how the civilian himself has an essential part to play in these victories by the production of supplies. They also stress the methods by which the civilian and soldier can unite after the war to evolve a better Africa. Travelling difficulties which trouble the Unit in its East Africa safaris are instanced by this picture. Trucks become stuck in a stream swollen by recent rains, and all the efforts of men and oxen fail to move them. Soon after this photograph was taken, the vehicle in the foreground was submerged and washed away by a wall of water from the hills

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

GRACIOUS MEMORIES OF HAPPY YEARS

The Enjoyable Reminiscences of Mr. H. Frank Wallace; What is a Classic?; A New Novel by Miss Mary Wilkes; A Story of Modern China; Visit to a Castle

IN most educated French homes, there existed—and may still exist—a ritual for any discussion, whatever the subject might be. The first half-hour was occupied in defining the meaning of the words you intended to use. For the next ten minutes these words were employed in an attempt to make your point, but words being imprecise things, it quickly became necessary to re-define them during at least another half-hour. At the end of the evening—aided by a good Chablis—everyone discovered that they were really in complete agreement; it was merely that each person expressed the same thing in different terms.

In Mr. Eliot's prose (though not in his poetry, whose erudite allusions demand hours of patient research to reach an intellectual as well as an emotional understanding), he is at pains to make his meaning clear. **WHAT IS A CLASSIC?** (Faber. 3s. 6d.) was delivered as the annual address to the Virgil Society, of which Mr. Eliot was the first president, and it reminds me in its method of those pleasant evenings in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

Characteristically, Mr. Eliot begins by telling us what he does *not* mean by classic. "The account of the classic which I propose to give here should remove it from the area of the antithesis between 'classic' and 'romantic'—a pair of terms belonging to literary politics. . . ." Nor in this essay does he use the word in the loose sense of meaning accepted literary works. "If there is one word on which we can fix, which will suggest the maximum of what I mean by the term 'a classic,' it is the word *maturity*. . . . A classic can only occur when a civilisation is mature; when a language and a literature are mature; and it must be the work of a mature mind. It is the importance of that civilisation and of that language, as well as the comprehensiveness of the mind of the individual poet, which gives the universality. To define maturity without assuming that the hearer already knows what it means, is almost impossible; let us say, then, that if we are properly mature, as well as educated persons, we can recognise maturity in a civilisation and in a literature, as we do in the other human beings whom we encounter. To make the meaning of maturity really apprehensible—indeed, even to make it acceptable—to the immature, is perhaps impossible. But if we are mature we either recognise maturity immediately, or come to know it on more intimate acquaintance."

Mr. Eliot selects Virgil as the most mature—and classic—of writers. *What is a Classic?* is a pleasant corrective for muddled thinking, and at the end I found myself agreeing with all he said—without the help even of that glass of Chablis!

After reading a chapter or two of his reminiscences it is easy to understand why Mr. H. Frank Wallace has called his book **HAPPIER YEARS** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.), for it is precisely of such times that he writes. Mr. Wallace, who has illustrated his book with his own charming and peaceful pencil sketches, is a sporting artist, and an authority on deer-stalking and big-game shooting. As it happens, I am interested in neither of the latter subjects, and yet I found these memoirs thoroughly enjoyable, partly because of the author's frank appreciation of many of the other good things of life, and, more than that, for his endearing and apparently unfailing memory for other people's wit.

Of Horatio Bottomley, for instance, who could scarcely have been called a dull man, he has a good story to tell, however bitter its implications. An acquaintance of Bottomley's was being shown round the prison in which he was confined and, coming to his cell, noticed that Bottomley was making mail-bags. "Not wishing to cut his former acquaintance, and rather at a loss for a remark, the visitor blurted out, 'Ah! Sewing, I see.' Without a second's hesitation, Bottomley looked up and replied: 'No; reaping.'" He ought, adds Mr. Wallace, to have had a year taken off his sentence for that.

Some of the stories about comedians at the old Gaiety are excellent, and I liked the reference by one of them to bloodhounds—"those dogs with cheeks like Inverness capes." Less quotable, but even more readable, is what the floor-walker said to the spoiled child. Indulgent parents, please note. What the Hanoverian duchess said to the footman is less apposite, since both species are getting rare, but I must own that in spite of my ignorance of the subject, one of the best anecdotes is of the writer's favourite deer-stalking, and a day with an uncommunicative stalker.

"'Ye see yon craggie on the skyline?'

"'Yes,' I said, looking where he pointed.

"'Well, if ye cast your een doon the side o' the hill ye 'll come to a big black crag. If you look to the west o' that a wee bittie ye 'll see a green patch.'

"'Yes, yes, I see,' I answered, becoming more and more excited.

"'Weel, they 're no' there.'

"Another pause and a spit, and I felt inclined to say, 'Where the hell are they, then?'"

What is the religious vocation? Is it neurotic? Is it a sublimation of the sex instinct? Is it "the good life"? These questions are implicit in the problem raised by Miss Mary Wilkes' novel: the story of a young, rebellious girl who enters an Anglican order of teaching sisters in obedience to some persistent, demanding vision of her own. **THE ONLY DOOR OUT** (Faber. 8s. 6d.) is soberly, but not primly, written—the study of a girl from a reflective, but at the same time turbulent, childhood, through the days at Oxford when the quest for knowledge was pursued half in libraries and half on summer rivers and when eagerness for life grew very gradually into the purposefulness to follow one kind of life.

The Lucy Armyne of Miss Wilkes' story is far from being a prig, although she never had for me the warmth that I would have expected from a creature of such strong convictions. She lacks austerity, but she also lacks, in my opinion, the humanity that would have been most apparent in her puzzled, half-happy days at Oxford, and in the trials of her novitiate. In spite of what seem to be almost painstaking references to the problems of human passion, Lucy remains a cold creature, working out her own answers sooner or later on an intellectual basis. It is probably unfair to say that without that intrinsic play of feeling and emotion, there is something a little repellent about a young and intellectual woman.

Though his present medium is fiction, and his current novel one of his most truly imaginative, Mr. Robert Standish has written a preface on contemporary Chinese political feeling that is a really serious contribution to opinion. "There is much loose talk these days about Chinese 'unity,' as though such a state had been achieved. . . . Under General Chiang Kai-shek, and with the richest part of China in Japanese hands, there has been an acceleration of the move towards unity, but no more. It means little more than that a few more millions of Chinese regard unity as their goal. They will achieve it, but not yet. . . . Unity may come to China's 450,000,000, but when it comes it will be the kind of unity that is founded on intelligence, not the kind of so-called unity which turns the masses into screaming robots."

"The sketchiest knowledge of the Chinese people," he adds elsewhere, "reveals their intense individualism, wherein lies so much of their charm." Certainly this individualism is well illustrated, and as sympathetically as one would expect, in **THE SMALL GENERAL** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.). This was the name given to the son of the Sung family, a line of rich silk merchants living near Soochow at the beginning of this century. On his father's death, having acquired from him the teaching in the wisdom and culture of Old China, the boy begins to realise for himself that all is not well with his country.

In his own experience, the threat is visible in Japanese infiltration through trading companies, exploiting Japanese goods under Chinese labels, and this the young Sung determines to fight, expending his energies and, if necessary, his life for the new China which he hopes his son will live to see.

The period of which the author writes, the last thirty-odd years, is one which has seen at least those beginnings of a belief in unity—"never before entertained widely or seriously in China"—which may one day be a reality. It is scarcely irrelevant to say here that Mr. Standish has written an excellent and illuminating novel.

BLACK CASTLE (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is a strictly English product from the practised hand of Mr. J. Jefferson Farjeon, very English in conception, although it takes its hero haring across Europe to the Balkans in pre-war days, to elucidate what turns out to be a fifty-year-old mystery.

It all begins, as I have so often thought odd things might, with a game of cricket. In this case, a young master who is ostensibly acting as one of the umpires is distracted by a flapping piece of newspaper, which not only takes his eye off the ball, but ends his interest in the game for good. For in the scrap of newsprint is a blurred photograph of a castle in the Balkans which strangely interests our young man—interests him enough, in fact, to spend his vacation in a visit there.

The mystery takes a vast deal of elucidation, and I don't know whether it would be either helpful or enticing for me to outline it here. The solution might even be called tortuous, but that I will leave you all to decide for yourselves.

COMING IN TO MAKE A GOOD LANDING: A fine study of a swan at the end of its flight, just as it is about to touch-down on the water. Note the negative angle of the wings and the maximum angle of the "flaps"

THE BACHELOR CLERGYMAN who is to stamp out cruelty to children in Britain: Following a number of recent instances of cruelty to children, some of whom had been evacuated from danger areas and were living with "foster parents," the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has appointed fifty-four-year-old Rev. William N. McCann, bachelor Vicar of St. Luke's Church, Kensington, London, as acting director, with full powers to launch a great crusade against such inhumanity. "I shall devote my life from this day to stamping it out," said the Vicar, on hearing of his appointment

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"Null e Null e Null e" (thither with it)
all glasses held out the full extent of the arm

"Nall e Nall e Nall e" (hither with it)
all glasses brought back to the face

The glasses are then drained completely (no heel taps) three loud cheers given and the name of the person toasted shouted. "A ris a ris" (again, again) brings a finale in an extra cheer and for especially honoured toasts the glasses are flung over the left shoulder and smashed.

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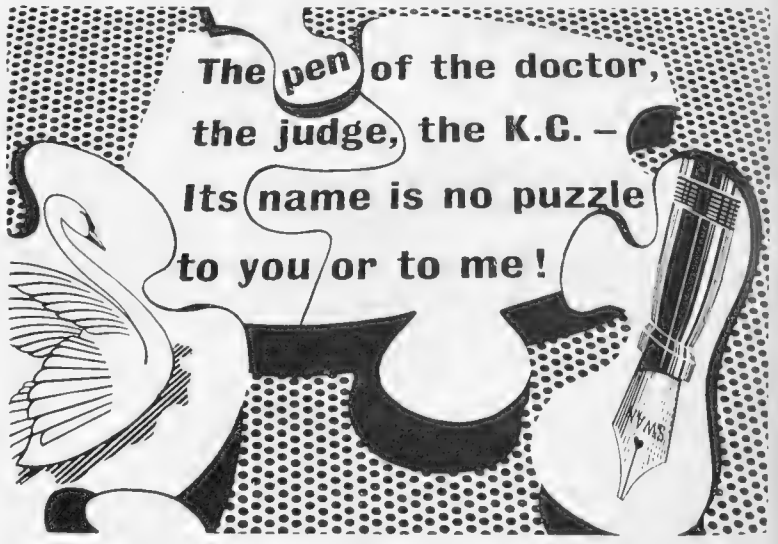

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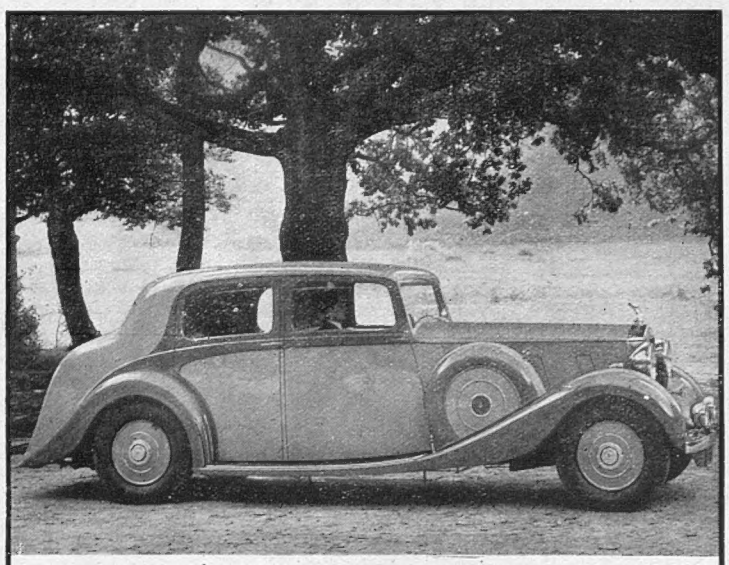

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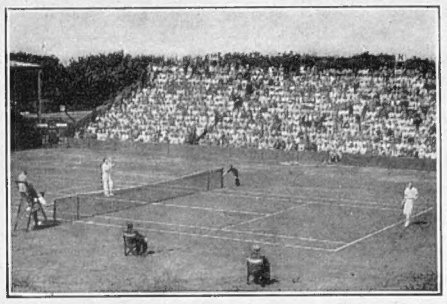

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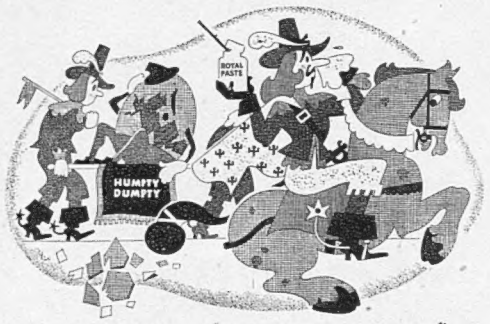

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